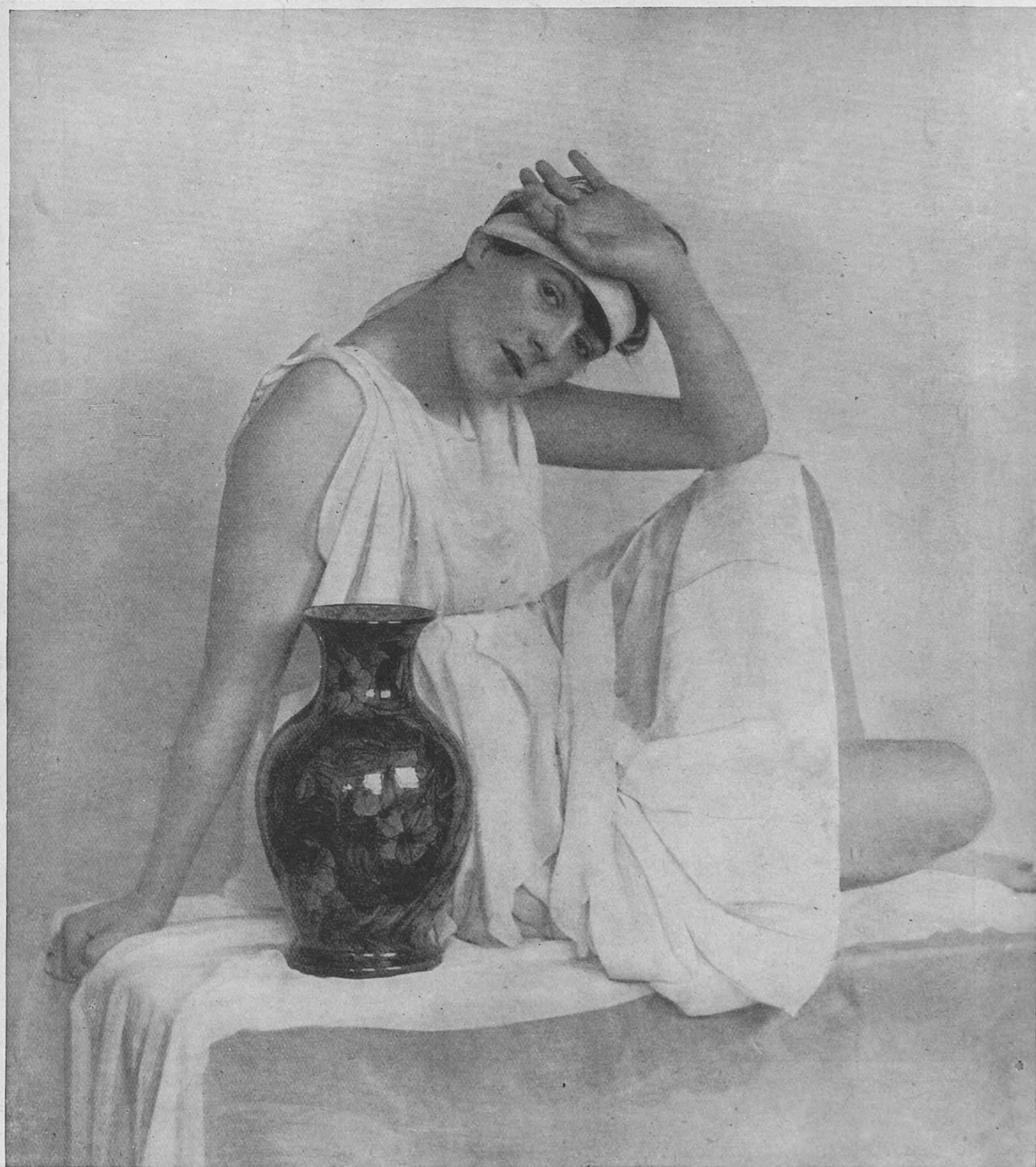


The Sketch

No. 1246—Vol. XCVI.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



THE QUEEN OF THE MANNEQUINS—AS A "TABLE DELICACY": MISS GAY DESMOND.

The table has almost usurped the place of the chair for the seated figure in photographic fashions of the moment. Here is an example—the sitter in this case being pretty Miss Gay Desmond, who is now appearing in "Flying Colours," at the Hippodrome. In the

first scene, in the "Reception Hall, Hotel Pimperlé," she is a Visitor's fiancée. Then she takes the part of The Queen of the Mannequins in "The Fashion Parade," and in both is entirely charming.—[*Photograph by Elliott and Fry.*]

WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF THE NEW PRIME MINISTER.



AIDES TO THE POPULAR PREMIER, ON THE DISTAFF SIDE: MRS. LLOYD GEORGE AND HER ELDER DAUGHTER.

The Right Hon. David Lloyd George, the new Prime Minister, is happy in his domestic life—a valuable asset with all men whose days are filled to repletion with high responsibilities. Mrs. Lloyd George and Miss Olwen Lloyd George are already well known to and popular in both political and social circles, and have always been closely associated, both in the public mind and in actuality, with the brilliant statesman whose zeal and “huill,” and unflagging energy in the discharge of the onerous duties which

have devolved upon him since the outbreak of the war, have won for him the highest position in the State. Mrs. Lloyd George, to whom the Prime Minister was married in 1888, was Miss Margaret Owen, daughter of Mr. Richard Owen, of Mynyddednyfed, Crickieth. There are two sons, both in the Army, and a second daughter, Miss Megan, who is her father's constant companion and shares his popularity. She is always ready to help in any good cause.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

TO PRESIDE OVER THE LORD PRESIDENT'S HOME COUNCIL.



ENGAGED TO EARL CURZON OF KEDLESTON, THE NEW LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL AND LEADER OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS: MRS. ALFRED DUGGAN.

On the same day that Lord Curzon's inclusion in the new War Cabinet, as Lord President of the Council and Leader of the House of Lords, was officially published, another interesting announcement was made regarding him—that is, that he was engaged to be married. His prospective bride is Grace Elvina, eldest daughter of the late Mr. J. Monroe Hinds, formerly American Minister at the Court of Brazil, and widow

of Mr. Alfred Duggan, of Buenos Ayres. Mrs. Alfred Duggan is well known in Society. It will be remembered that Lord Curzon's first wife, who died in 1906, was also an American, a daughter of the late Mr. L. Z. Leiter, of Washington. This new matrimonial alliance of a leading member of the new Government should have a happy influence in Anglo-American relations.

Camera Portrait by E. O. Hoppe



"BULLY!"—NOT MUCH!

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

I EXPECT you'll find town somewhat changed on your next leave—skirts longer and menus shorter. To tell you the truth, I have not noticed much change in either, so far; but most people speak of it as a *fait accompli*. I believe that the longer-skirt scare—for it is that for the women with neat ankles!—is chiefly due to the fact that most evening-dresses have a train, so they do look long if you stand behind the wearer; but there are several sides to a question!

As for menus—oh! listen to this ghastly story Ruby told me with tears in her voice. Her hubby came home on leave unexpectedly—how often have I warned you not to do that!—and whereas a wire would have put matters right (don't run away with the idea that I am going to relate the entanglement of a triangle! It is not a French play—it is an English idyll!) Well, as I have said, Dick came home as a big surprise, and caught Ruby unawares at their country cottage as she was drinking tea and innocently knitting socks with a few lonely neighbours—you can imagine the joy of reunion, the little shrill cries, the tactful vanishing of the envious neighbours, and the long talk on the hearth-rug. Between two—silences, it suddenly occurred to Ruby to say: "Oh, Dick dear, aren't you beginning to feel hungry?"

"I have been beginning to feel hungry for the two last hours, darling!" confessed a ravenous Dick; "and looking forward to one of your great little dinners! One gets so awfully fed up with the field mess, and, coming over, weather was rough—I haven't had a decent meal for ages!"

"Poor old Dick!" said Ruby, patting his sleeve. "Pity Cook is out—she is drilling every Thursday evening, you know; she belongs to the 'Women's National Feeding Corps.' I had lunch at

the vicarage to-day, but Cook is sure to have left something in the pantry!"

Hand in hand they explored pantry, larder, and cupboard, and from there the skeleton confronted them. They found, *pour tout potage*, a jar of plum-and-apple jam and a tin of bully beef!

The Italian Matinée at the Savoy went splendidly, though there were I don't know how many concerts, bazaars, sales, and other charity crushes on that day, and every day, all over London!

I wish you could have seen the "Objets d'Art Vivants"—they were things of beauty. Some of the most lovely women in London were statuettes, or mosaics, or paintings. There were eleven tableaux, each more gorgeous than the others!—so that I can't describe them all. But I thought the Triptych with Mrs. John Lavery as the Madonna; the Hon. Irene Lawley as St. Katherine on her right, and Miss Boyd on her left as St. Michael, was a true work of art. And so was Lady Diana Manners as an ivory statuette; and Sir Peter Lely's "Mlle. de Kerouaille," impersonated by Miss Violet Keppel; and a Buddha in a shrine (our Japanese friend, Koume was the Buddha); and Mrs. Mahlon Sands as "A Noble Dame at Orisons"—a Missal Page; oh, all were magnificent. It would be a pity if the result of so much thought, taste, art, and time were to be enjoyed for one afternoon only. I do hope we'll see those tableaux again for some other good cause.



"They explored the pantry, larder, and cupboard, and found a pot of jam and a tin of bully beef!"

Met Margot at the perfumery department. She grabbed my arm, squeezed a sponge absently, shook her head and sighed: "Oh, my dear, these are dreadful times!"

"I remember vaguely having heard the same before," I said.

"This wretched war——"

"Yes," I agreed, thinking of the casualty list.

"There's no glycerine in face-preparations now, and even lip-salve has deteriorated," mourned Margot, "cerising" her lips—"it's all hard and gritty—don't know what the world is coming to!"

I couldn't help laughing, but the fact remains that Margot is right; lip-salves are not as unctuous, smooth, and soft as they used to be—I wonder why. Haven't you noticed it, too? But how silly of me! How could you?—tut, tut!

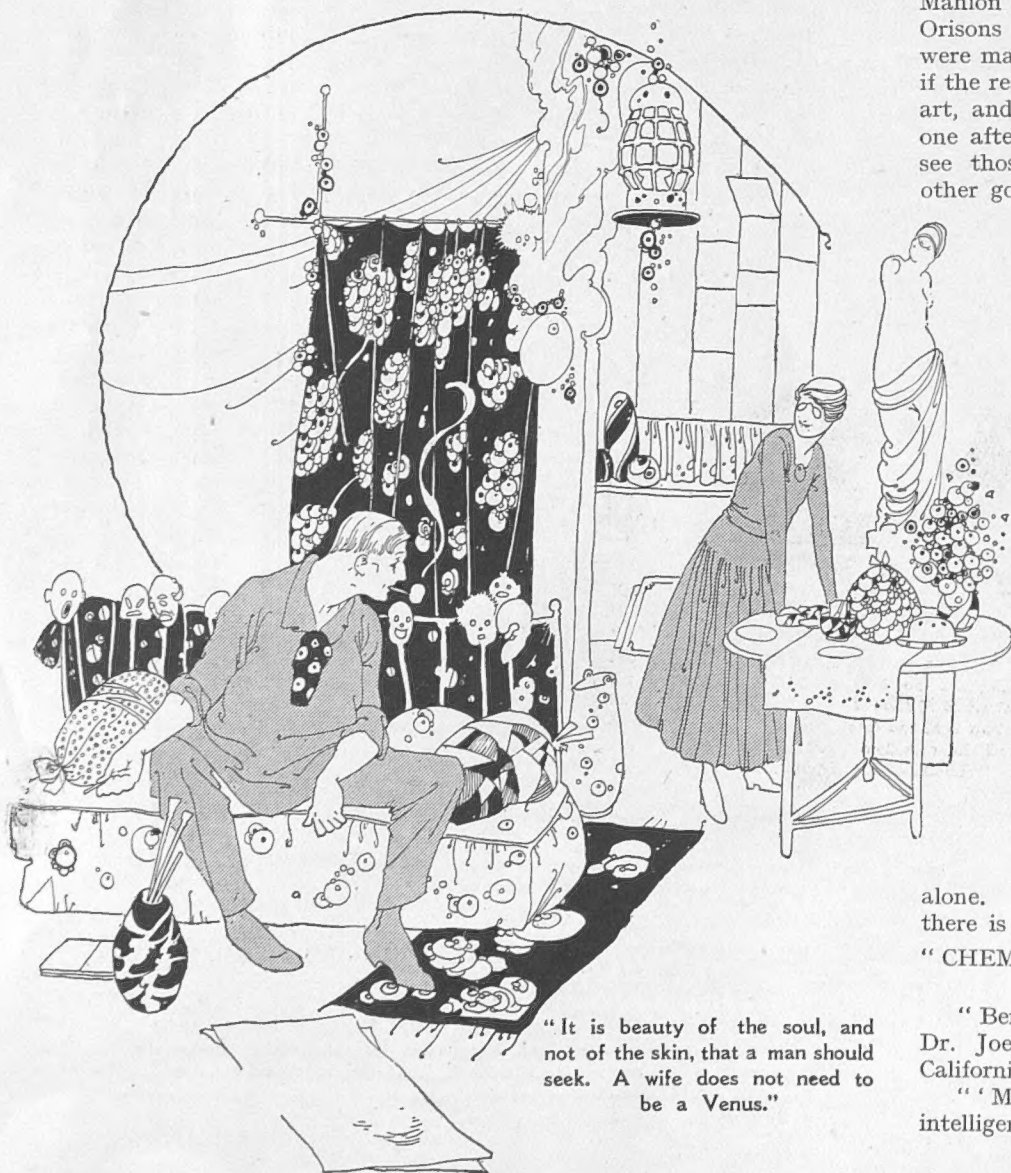
Now, a big space between the two paragraphs, please, as it would never do if this seemed *à propos* of the above.

Some kind reader has been sending me the following cutting from New York. It looks as if *The Sketch* is a great favourite over there, judging by my correspondence alone. I think the cutting is meant more for you than for me; there is no explanatory note accompanying it—

"CHEMISTRY PROFESSOR CALLS SPOONING WASTE OF TIME.

"Berkeley, Cal. Nov. 11.—'Spoonng is a waste of time,' Dr. Joel Hildebrand, Chemistry Professor at the University of California, told his freshmen class. Then he added—

"Men and women should meet on the common ground of intelligence and fellowship. Their interests should be genuine. To



"It is beauty of the soul, and not of the skin, that a man should seek. A wife does not need to be a Venus."

commence a friendship puts the relation on a false foundation. Both are concealing their better selves, their real interests, behind the mask of conventional silliness.

"It is beauty of the soul, and not of the skin, that a man should seek. No marriage founded on sense-beguilement can be happy, for those charms are short-lived. A wife does not need to be a Venus."

"Dr. Hildebrand ended his talk by admitting that he had picked a very beautiful wife."

Exactly! I believe this cutting was sent as a challenge, to know our various views on the subject. Personally, I think this Hildebrand theory would mean the end of matrimony; for beautiful faces are rare enough—but beautiful souls!

I read the cutting and re-read it, and then turned for enlightenment towards—wait, please!—my French and English dictionary. I find

that spoon means *cuillère*—a table utensil—not much *rapproch* with love and marriage, what? Unless spooning means being "fed up" before the marriage feast? I'd like to know what spooning really is. Dictionaries are so unsatisfying!

To Lieutenant A.—Well, I have seen your—I'll say *our* sick friend. I thought first I'd write him, but on second thoughts, I reflected that I'd get there quicker than a letter, so I just arrived, even without telephoning. I have a strong, conscientious objection to telephoning, except to people I know by heart, so to speak. You see, I never quite catch what is being said to me on the 'phone, so, to be polite, I answer, "yes, yes," and I find that it gets me into many—how say you, "fixes"?

So I didn't 'phone, I went, and oh, *mon Dieu*! I didn't know you had practically to take tickets to be allowed a chat with the interesting wounded! But there was almost a queue to call on our friend! First I found myself amidst a whole college of girls on the tiptoe of expectancy, with flowers in their arms, and cigarette-boxes in their muffs, and I don't know what else up their sleeve!

Several beautiful and well-corseted nurses were flitting about—oh, those officers' hospitals! What a charming atmosphere of femininity!

You'll be glad to hear that our friend is looking quite fit, that we had several good laughs and cigarettes, and several stories, together, which the Imp listened to with her two great eyes. He told me such charming things of you that I don't know whether it would be wise for me to meet you, now! I am rather afraid of the Perfect Man!

To a young reader who writes from an Officers' Training College, asking me for the description of the dresses in "Houp-La!" (*il n'y a plus d'enfants, ma parole!*) My dear young friend, Gertie Millar alone changes frocks something like six times in one act!

so it is a whole fashion journal you want me to write. I expect, moreover, that you'll see pictures in this paper that will satisfy you more than mere descriptions. Let me tell you, though, of a certain black dress all sparkling jet which Gertie Millar wears in the last act, and which, in my opinion, is the most beautiful of them all. She looks in it like a mermaid in mourning—but not disconsolate!

Miss Elsie Scott is a dream to blink at—and she looks as if she could act; we want to hear the voice of sirens, don't we?

Speaking of mermaids, I saw at a music-hall, the other evening, a breezy and amusing little nautical sketch, "Somewhere At Sea," by Donah Parsons, which sketch I hope will soon come to town. No mermaids appeared in it—they remained in the wings or in the waves—but there were sailors, and a good ship's deck, and all this rejoices our heart. We see more often khaki than navy-blue just now, everywhere, on the stage, and in real life, too; and I think the dark-blue boys sometimes feel sore about it. They write so to me, anyway. But

are they not the salts of the earth? There must be plenty of satisfaction in that, is it not? God bless the blue boys, and a Happy Christmas to them! And to you all, without distinction of Senior Service and Junior Service—even the Civil Service is getting jealous; this will never do! You all are my dear Yous, in whatever capacity you are fighting for us. This is what a reader from Calabar writes on the point—

"DEAR PHRYNETTE,—May an old 'reader' from the indecipherable place in Nigeria venture to wish you a very happy Christmas? Not the happy Christmas your charming letters of faith, hope, and charity have earned for you—that would be impossible; but such a happy Christmas as can reasonably be expected in this old, work-

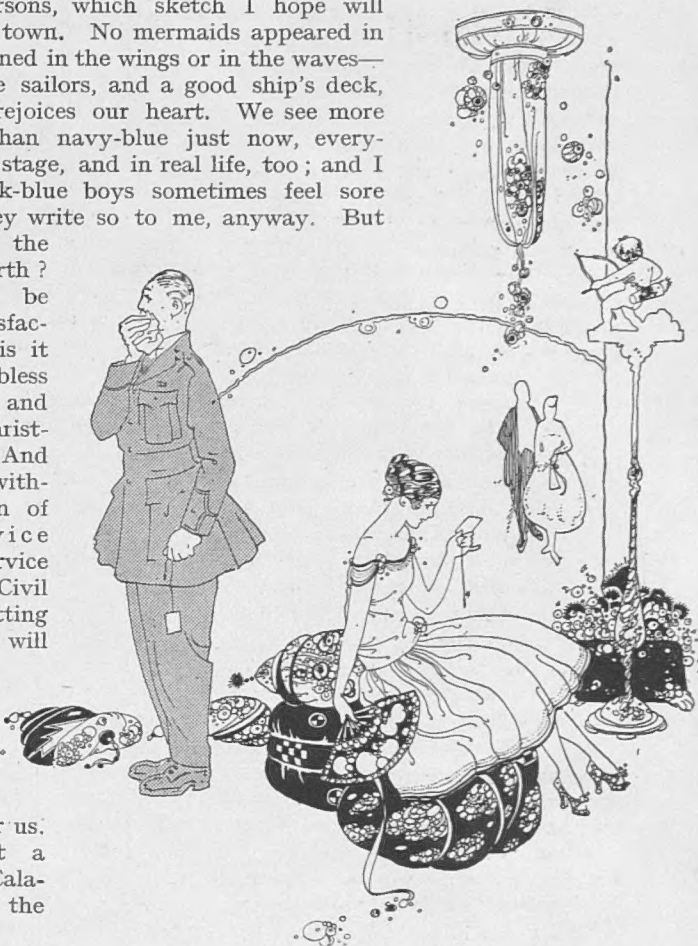
"Lip-salves are not as unctuous, smooth, and soft as they used to be."

aday world of ours. Sometimes I feel a bit jealous when I read your delightful letters. Some have been addressed to the Navy, most to the Army. But what of the Civil Services? Think of the pleasure it would give thousands if just one of your letters was addressed to the members of the latter, in which I include the Colonial officials, of whom I am one. But I must not get pessimistic, which is the last thing I proposed to do when I sat down to wish

you the old, old wish. May I also offer my felicitations to Gladys, whose Ruby is the 'moon of my desire.' I love the attached picture." Thank you—a happy Christmas from both of us.



"Those dark-blue boys And don't we all love them!"



"I found myself amidst a whole college of girls, with flowers in their arms."

SMALL TALK

LADY Selby-Bigge has taken on a considerable amount of work connected with "Women's Day," fixed for Feb. 27. Her headquarters are at 168, Piccadilly, and the thing promises to be bigger than anything hitherto arranged by the women of London—bigger than those red-letter Suffrage days when all Piccadilly was held up for processions. But this Women's Day will not be a disturber of traffic; it will be more widespread, but far less inconvenient; and it has, of course, the whole of public opinion behind it, which means that it will not, like the old demonstrations, necessitate a hard day for the police force. It has, besides, the support of both the Queens, and of the Lord Mayor, and of Lord Sydenham.

The Private's Pull.

Women's clubs have many extra duties these days; the Lyceum, for instance, which used to busy itself with dinner-parties for poets and scientists, recently entertained the officers of a famous regiment, and entertained them very successfully. Such a function has its drawbacks, of course, as some of the Lyceum members with brothers serving as privates must have realised. You cannot, in the dinner-hour at any rate, dispense with the distinctions of Army rank. "Oh, yes, I remember him well; he's—er—he's my servant," answered a young lieutenant the other night to a damsel's inquiries; and the lieutenant might have continued "He's a very bad hand at polishing brown boots!" "And his table-talk, if you only knew it, is far brisker than yours," might, perhaps, have been the girl's retort. But other clubs go their own ways, as I was reminded the other night at that smaller resort of literary ladies in Norfolk Street, Strand, the Writers'. Sir Herbert Warren was the guest of the evening, and, after dinner, talked not about Kipling and Rupert Brooke and Julian Grenfell, but about Wordsworth and the poetry of Nature—about peaceful old Nature before her face was furrowed by trenches and pitted with shell-holes!

The Italian Matinée. "Very ivory indeed" was the verdict on Lady Diana as an ivory statue at the Savoy *matinée*. "Very ivory" meant very charming, and smooth, and glossy—but not so glossy as Miss Grace Crawford in "Bristol China." Her glaze was perfect; her black wig a masterpiece,

from the master wigger; and her (china) movement inimitable. Mrs. Lavery, in a gold shrine, was arranged by Lavery himself—good material worked by a clever hand. Lady Mainwaring was a Raemaekers, and Miss Keppel a mezzotint—after Sir Peter Lely, and not at all a long way after! Edmund Dulac designed the effective Persian miniature—life-size—impersonated by Lady Massereene and Ferrard.

Mlle. de Maupin. But the success of the day, apart from Lady Diana Manners's ivory and Miss Grace Crawford's china, was Mlle. D'Erlanger's Beardsley. She was not a "greenery, gallery, Grosvenor-Gallery" sort of Beardsley, but the real thing—the "Mlle. de Maupin" of the drawing to the life.

Hugo Rumbold "produced" her—grey face, black lips (Beardsley ink), lace dress, and all. But hers was half the credit, for there can be very few girls who could be made to come so very near the mark, however clever the producer. Over this strange company Miss Asquith presided in the capable, nice way that distinguished all her works.

The Trench Muse.

No doubt the Hugo Rumbold "production," as just quoted, may, in a way, if you take it like that, sound macabre and bizarre enough to please the most fastidious. But things are seldom as bad as they sound: Mlle. D'Erlanger was charming; despite her colour-scheme. And such, by the way, I am told is the case with a volume of poems by young people mentioned in these columns last week. It includes verses by Wyndham Tennant, who, before his death in France, wrote enough delightfully homely poetry to fill a book on his own account; but some of the other contributors were responsible, I had been informed, for verses mainly bizarre and macabre—and I was naturally inclined to attribute the pieces that fell under that category not to the versifiers who are in the trenches,

where the Muse generally is gay and kindly, but to the young women who, staying at home, have time for brooding. My paragraph has, in one quarter, been taken to suggest that all the contributors were home-stayers, and all bizarre. Far from it. All the male contributors (save one—a schoolboy) are serving their country; but I still expect to find that they are the authors of cheerful pages.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT T. M. G. CHAPMAN, A.S.C.: MISS NORA MAY DUNDEE-HOOPER.

Miss Nora Dundee-Hooper is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Dundee-Hooper, of Ardvar, Torquay. Lieutenant Chapman is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Crawhall Chapman, of Cadewell, near Torquay, and is in the Army Service Corps.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



A GUARDSMAN'S WIFE: MRS. REGINALD SASSOON.

Mrs. Reginald Sassoon is the wife of Lieutenant Reginald Sassoon, who is serving in the Irish Guards, and is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Meyer Sassoon, of Hamilton Place. Mr. Meyer Sassoon is the brother of Sir Jacob Elias Sassoon, the chief partner in the well-known house of merchants and bankers, Messrs. E. D. Sassoon and Co., of India, London, and China.

Photograph by Hugh Cecil.



MARRIED ON THURSDAY LAST: MISSLARDELLI (MRS. F. R. HARFORD).

Miss Maude Isabel Lardelli, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Lardelli, The Malt House, Hurley, Berkshire, was married on Dec. 6, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to Captain F. R. Harford, Scots Guards, only son of Colonel and Mrs. Harford, of Down Place, Windsor. The Bishop of Dover officiated.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT JAMES MATTHEW STRONGE: MISS WINIFRED ALEXANDER.

Miss Alexander is the fourth daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel H. G. S. Alexander, of Carrickmore House, Co. Tyrone. Lieutenant Stronge, Royal Irish Fusiliers, is the only son of Sir James Henry Stronge and Lady Stronge, of Tynan Abbey, Co. Tyrone.

Photograph by Bassano.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT WELLESLEY ST. G. ASHE: THE HON. ESTELLE EMILY SPENCER DE COURCY.

Miss de Courcy is the youngest of the three daughters of Lord and Lady Kingsale, The Meads, Crowborough. Mr. Wellesley St. G. Ashe is a Lieutenant in the 7th Indian Cavalry, attached 38th Central India Horse, and is the son of the Rev. Henry Ashe.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



TO MARRY MR. ERIC GUNNING: MISS MILDRED GUINNESS.

Miss Guinness is the daughter of the late Mr. Charles Guinness, and of Mrs. Brodie, of Sinclair Road, W. Mr. Gunning, Rifle Brigade, is the younger son of the late Mr. Charles Francis Gunning, and Mrs. Gunning, of Quetta, India.

Photograph by Lafayette.

THE "MIGHTY" WIDOW: BOUNTIFUL LADY DEB.



AS LADY DEBORAH CARSTAIRS IN "THE WIDOW'S MIGHT," AT THE HAYMARKET: MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS.

When the preliminary announcements of "The Widow's Might," the light comedy at the Haymarket, appeared, there was a tendency to regard "might" as a misprint for "mite." The production, however, dispelled that idea, for Lady Deborah is not a poor widow but a rich one, and it is by her "might" (in social tact and manoeuvring) that a matrimonial disaster, in the shape of divorce proceedings, is

averted. Incidentally, she herself pairs off with the prospective co-respondent. "The Widow's Might" is a ladies' play all through, and as the merry and managing widow Miss Ellis Jeffreys has a congenial part, and plays it at the top of her form. It is her delightful acting, in fact, supported by that of Miss Athene Seyler and Miss Marie Hemingway, that makes the success of the piece.—[*Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.*]

"THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

As the majority of our readers must be aware, the special Christmas Number of "The Sketch" is now on sale. Very few copies remain, and those desirous of securing the number should get it from bookstall or newsagent immediately, before it is too late. Presented with the issue is a large Plate, in full colours—"Eve," by Gabriel Nicolet. The number also contains three Kirehners and four other subjects in full colours. Further, there are some most amusing stories, capital comic pictures, and other features. The price is One Shilling

MOTLEY NOTES.

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

"The Amateur Statesman."

I am thinking of publishing a paper to be called the *Amateur Statesman*. It will be written by people who know nothing whatever of statecraft, and it will settle all the problems of Government every week. The Foreign Department will be under the control of a gentleman who has never travelled further than Ostend, and he will tell the Foreign Secretary exactly how to deal with any Foreign Power under any particular set of circumstances.

There will be a Clamour Department. In this column, readers will be permitted to air their opinions on any Minister who happens to be in power. The Cabinet will be smashed to atoms, reformed, smashed again, sifted, boiled, pulped, and potted each week. "Government by Noise" will be the motto of this feature.

I anticipate an enormous circulation for my paper. I shall invite all the amateur statesmen in the country to take shares in it. I shall assure them—should they need any assurance—that statecraft needs neither training nor study. I shall tell them that the statesman is born, not made, and that there are more statesmen to be found in any railway-carriage than in the whole Cabinet.

There will be prizes for the best essays on "How I Would End the War," "Can Mr. Asquith Read and Write?" "Why is Bonar Law?" "A Few Hints for Lord Grey on Foreign Matters," "What McKenna Doesn't Know about Finance," "Should Lloyd George be Perpetual President of the Empire?" and "Why am I Never Consulted about Anything?"

Pity the Politician?

All the politicians are in trouble at the moment of writing. It is no question of Party. All the politicians are discovering that the bed of roses, especially if you lie on it too long, can put forth thorns.

The question is: Should one be sorry for the politicians? Are we to regard them as worthy men who have devoted their lives to the best interests of the country and are getting no thanks in return? Or are we to shrug our shoulders, and say that a politician has all the fun when things are smooth, and deserves all the pricks he gets when things are rough?

Personally, I find it difficult to be sorry for the average politician when he gets into trouble. Whether he has managed his job or mismanaged it I am not in a position to decide; nobody is in a position to decide that point until all the facts and the documents are laid before them. But I do feel that the *average* politician is a person with pretty low ideals, and a person, therefore, to whom small mercy need be shown.

A man with power is a dangerous person unless he has ideals. A man who thinks and speaks and directs in a purely utilitarian way is just so much lumber impeding the progress of the world. The politician is too apt to keep his eyes at their own level, looking neither to the depths nor the heights. That is one reason why we do not progress. A man who can see nothing in this war but a business transaction on a huge scale has no place anywhere but behind a counter.

Value of Oratory.

I hope all this storm in an egg-cup that some of us call "crash" and "crisis" and "earthquake" and so forth will not put a stop to the oratorical tours that had been planned by a few of the Parliamentary leaders. It is a habit to sneer at speech-making—rather a silly habit, in my opinion. More has been achieved in this world by the spoken word than by any other means—including literature. The papers may write themselves black in the face, but an orator on a platform with a massed audience facing him will do more in an hour than any journalist can do in a year.

This is not to belittle the power of the pen—I have a very great respect for my own craft when the craftsman is a respectable (in the literal sense and not the hackneyed social sense) person. But the power of the spoken word is just as great—no more and no less—as the power of human nature.

When you see your man in the flesh before you, and you listen to the tones of his voice, and you study the play of his features, then, if you know anything at all, either by training or heredity, you know where you are with him. If he is out to gull fools, and you happen to be a fool, you will be gulled. But if he is a man with a message, a man with a heart to feel and a brain to express his thoughts in words, it doesn't matter two-pence whether you are a fool or a wise man. You will get the message just the same.

And I believe we have men in power at this moment who could work wonders with the game little pony we call Great Britain.



"CANDLE," AND "A DEBUTANTE," AT THE ITALIAN RED CROSS MATINÉE: MR. THORNDYKE AND MRS. CHRISTOPHER LOWTHER.

A novel and successful item in a programme rich in novelties, at the Savoy Matinée, on Dec. 4, was a Dance Play, by Ina Lowther, with music by William G. James, the Australian pianist, called "By Candle Light." Our picture shows the "Candle," Mr. Russell Thorndyke, and "A Débutante," Mrs. Lowther, whose dream forms the motif of the unconventional and very charming little play.—[Photograph by C.N.]

Swan and Sugarloaf.

In Berlin, in the meantime, they are eating their swans. These birds "are reported to be so tough that their flesh has to be boiled for hours before it is roasted, and even then the taste is considered unpleasant." The ornamental lakes are destitute, and the weeds will grow thereon in abundance until the end of the war. The poor creatures have sung their last song—which must have sounded pretty dismal in the ears of the Berliners. Being more than common superstitious, perhaps they pounced upon the swans and wrung their graceful necks before they had time for the concluding item.

I have not heard of anybody in England eating swans as a matter of necessity during this war. Our dogs and cats, also, walk about pretty much as usual, and the pheasants are thick on the ground for want of shooting. You cannot buy sugar, I understand, for love or money—unless you choose to buy a grocer's shop into the bargain.

That, when you come to think of it, might be a useful way out of the difficulty. You happen to want, let us say, six pounds of sugar. So you buy the shop, and have all the sugar conveyed to your private house. You then restock to the legal hilt, and resell the shop to the next person in search of sugar. Were I a housewife, I would not be baffled by any old rule in the matter of sugar. But so few housewives have enterprise! Enterprise is an admirable quality in any housewife—but your own.

MORALS OF MACKENZIE: THE SPIDER'S WEB.





THE CLUBMAN

MEAL PRICES FOR OFFICERS: HOTEL AND RESTAURANT CHARGES: CLUB FARE.

Sir Francis Lloyd's Scale.

Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd has very firm ideas as to what number of courses officers should eat when they take their meals at restaurants, and what they should pay for those meals; and as he has the last word to say on the subject, for all officers in London are under his command, the scale he has laid down will be followed. After all, there is no reason whatever why officers should grumble when asked to conform to the scale which they have been used to in their parents' houses and which they find in their messes. They will have all the bright surroundings of the restaurant, the music, and the presence of ladies, and I am quite sure that the *maitre chef* of the great restaurants will see that a five-and-sixpenny dinner for a young officer is as carefully cooked as a guinea dinner would be, in peace-times, for the rich man.

What Breakfast Do You Eat?

The young officer, or the officer of mature age for that matter, is to eat a breakfast of two courses, porridge counting as one course. I doubt very much whether anybody ever helps himself from more than two of the row of shining silver dishes that stand on the miniature hot-plate upon the side-board. Most people eat fish or kidneys or some other rather solid dish, and then turn their attentions to eggs or omelette. I do not suppose that marmalade or jam will count as a course.

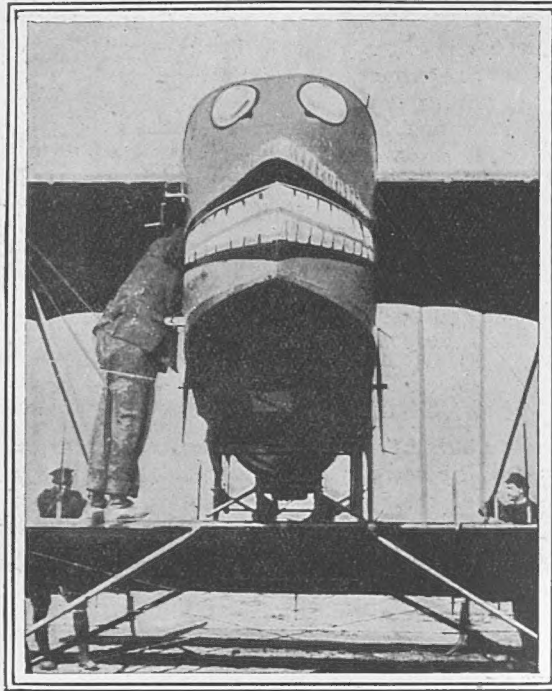
The Club Lunch.

Luncheon, which is to be a three-and-sixpenny meal for the man in khaki and his guests, is to be limited also to two courses, which is very generally the type of lunch that a clubman eats in the middle of the day. I fancy that, if the paper slips for a day's lunch on which members write their orders were gone through, it would be found that one of the hot dishes and pudding or cheese, or something from the cold table and pudding or cheese, would be found to be the most frequent order. To pay six shillings for a lunch—which is the price which has been charged at some restaurants—has always seemed to me to be a waste of money. The ladies whom the good-looking young officer takes out to tea will very likely grumble amongst themselves that the tea, which must not cost more than one-and-threepence, is to be a plain one. The delicate little cakes, the things filled with cream, and the other things coated with sugar, are dear to the heart of ladies, and I do not think that they will bless Sir Francis for the bread-and-butter and the slices

of good plain cake which are likely to be the fare at the subaltern's tea-party.

Prices of Dinners.

Quite a number of restaurants already give a table d'hôte dinner at a good deal less than five-shillings-and-sixpence, which is to be the highest price that officers can be called upon to pay. Once I hunted Soho to find the cheapest table d'hôte dinner supplied in that land of foreigners. In the window of one rather grimy little eating-house I read the menu—a three-course one—of a ninepenny dinner. I read it and I passed on, for it had not an appetising look on paper. For four-shillings-and-sixpence, if that is to be the price, a soldier can expect good cookery and three courses that should satisfy his appetite. Joseph, who was the greatest *maitre d'hôtel* that I have ever chatted with, once complained to me that the British never ate their courses, but just tasted them. He placed five courses as the utmost limit of a dinner, whether that dinner was a friendly little meal or a dinner of ceremony. And there was a vegetable dish as one of the courses. No doubt, in the soldier's dinner the bad old English habit of dumping a selection of vegetables into the gravy of the joint will be adhered to. The two-course supper with which the gastronomic day of the man in khaki is supposed to end seems to me to be an unnecessary meal.



A DEMON OF THE AIR! A "BOGEY" AEROPLANE OF THE R.N.A.S. IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

As the photograph shows well, paint and ingenuity have made the body of the 'plane quite bogeyish!—[Photograph by S. and G.]

The Clubs Next.

Already there are signs that the clubs may be called to account as to the length of meals that they give to their members. I do not think that any of the big clubs are likely to be called over the coals, for the club set dinner is well within the price that is the limit for officers at restaurants. Lunch, as I have written, is quite a simple meal; tea and bread-and-butter does not cost more than sixpence; and he is a gourmet whose breakfast exceeds half-a-crown. Of course, the subscription a man pays to his club is to be considered when comparing club meals and restaurant meals; and a club is very pleased if it does not lose money in its dining-room, whereas a restaurant has to make a profit to pay dividends. If the restaurant prices are enforced at the supper clubs, the proprietors of those establishments will not rejoice. I have in mind also one or two clubs the cuisine of which is the pride of the members, and at which there are no set dinners. They may probably be told that gourmets must put away their fine tastes until after the war, and that Lucullus and the simple centurion must be content with the same fare during war-time.



THE LATEST: WOMEN MARKERS AT A LONDON HOTEL—A GAME AMONGST THEMSELVES. Photograph by S. and G.

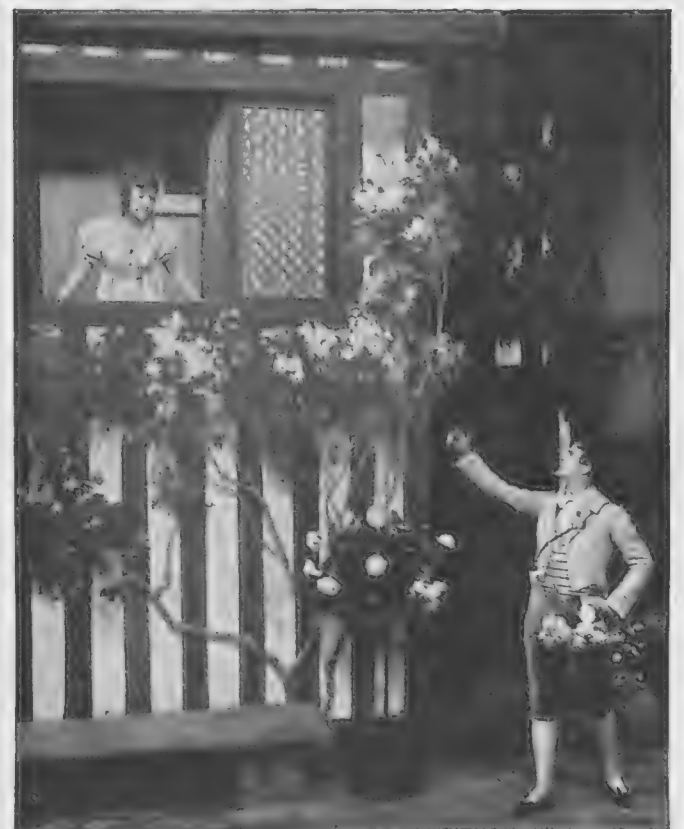
PIERROT KIND AND PIERROT JEALOUS: A LOVESICK GUARDIAN.



PIERROT AND HIS CHRISTMAS PRESENT FROM THE ANGELS: MISS JOAN MORGAN, FANETTE, AND MR. NORMAN McKINNEL, PIERROT.



FEEDING THE FOUNDLING WHO KNOCKED AT HIS DOOR ON CHRISTMAS EVE: PIERROT TAKES CHARGE OF FANETTE.



AFTER TEN YEARS—THE FOUNDLING FINDS A LOVER: MISS MARY GLYNNE, FANETTE, AND MR. CECIL MANNERING, JACQUES.



PIERROT JEALOUS, IN LOVE WITH HIS WARD: MISS MARY GLYNNE, FANETTE, AND MR. NORMAN McKINNEL, PIERROT.

M. Ferdinand Be'ssier's wordless play, at the Apollo Theatre, "A Pierrot's Christmas," with music by M. Victor Monti, naturally suggests a comparison with "L'Enfant Prodigue," but as regards the characters and the story they have little in common. The new Pierrot is a lonely bachelor who, on Christmas Eve, has a fancy to hang up a shoe by the chimney corner, to see what gift the angels will bring him. It takes the form of a little foundling girl who knocks at his door in the night. Pierrot takes her in, feeds her, kneels down to pray with her, and becomes her protector. In the second act ten

years have passed. Fanette has grown up and has a lover, but Pierrot also loves her, and is jealous. He drives her and her lover away. Eight years more pass by, and the wedded lovers return, bringing their little girl. At first Pierrot's jealousy reawakens, but eventually he melts to the child's appeal, and the curtain falls on a scene of reconciliation. Fanette as a child, and Fanette's daughter, are both prettily played by little Miss Joan Morgan, while the grown-up Fanette is Miss Mary Glynnne, and the jealous Pierrot, Mr. Norman McKinnel.—[Photographs by Wrather and Buys.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

LADY Rosemary Leveson-Gower is spending Christmas in England, after all. Any doubt there may have been about her coming was due to her extraordinary persistence as a worker. She has done a record long term in France, and the surgeons at her hospital had grown so accustomed to having her at



AN INTERESTING NAVAL ENGAGEMENT: LIEUTENANT CYRIL E. DOUGLAS PENNANT, R.N.—MISS PHYLIS CONSTANCE MOSLEY LEIGH.

Miss Mosley Leigh is the only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel O. Mosley Leigh, and the late Mrs. Mosley Leigh, of Belmont Hall, Cheshire. Lieutenant Douglas Pennant is the eldest son of Major F. Douglas Pennant, of Sholebroke Lodge, Towcester, Northamptonshire.—[Photographs by Swaine.]

their elbows that they told her, very earnestly, that they couldn't do without her. So she stayed on, and then stayed on a little longer. But the surgeons were not allowed to have it all their own way. Other authorities—masterful physicians, a mother, and a C.O.—told her to take a brief holiday, and here she is.

Better than Gibbon.

I have just come across an allusion to Lady Rosemary and the Duchess and their hospital in that wonderful little collection of family letters from Rosher, the flyer—published since his death. It is a mere passing mention, but an honourable one, for Rosher's passion was all for flying and the flying service, and his letters are full of the names of the men who surrounded him; now he tells how a friend has brought down a German seaplane, now that some other friend has "crashed." But he does also squeeze in an allusion to his pleasure in finding himself near the hospital managed by his lady friends. And they, of course, are pleased to find themselves on record in those pages. There are many ways of figuring in the history-books, or the books that make history; but to have your good works recorded, even in a single sentence, by a hero is worth a whole page of, say, Gibbon.

"Bron."

Another flyer lamented by the Duchess and Lady Rosemary is, of course, Lord Lucas. From his boyhood he was the companion, the second brother almost, of his contemporaries in her family and in Lady Desborough's. "Bron" Lucas was remarkable for the number of his friends, but still more remarkable for the quality of his friendship. The



A PRETTY NAVAL WEDDING: LIEUTENANT ROBERT PEEL ROSS, R.N. (SQUADRON-COMMANDER, R.N.A.S.)—MISS MURIEL VALÉRIE KINNARD.

The wedding of Lieutenant Robert Ross and Miss Muriel Kinnard was celebrated on Dec. 12, at St. Saviour's, Westgate-on-Sea. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Kinnard, of Cleveland, Westgate-on-Sea, and looked charming in her wedding-dress of silver brocade. She was attended by two bridesmaids—Miss Vera Philips and Miss Tessie Bruce Porter; and by a little maid-of-honour and a little page—Miss Vivian Ingram and Master Herbert Ingram, her niece and nephew, children of Lieutenant-Commander Herbert Ingram, R.N.V.R. The officers of the Westgate Air Station formed a Guard of Honour.

friendships of his youth were as keen and vital at the time of his death as when he formed them, and his new friends were made to feel like old ones. Barrie's memoir in the *Times*, signed "J. M. B.," helps to give outsiders a clue to the charm of character that makes him so deeply mourned by all who met him. Though he leaves no widow, the tragedy of his loss is hardly the less on that account, for there was something peculiarly intimate about the affection he lavished on a large circle of relatives instead of concentrating on one chosen woman.

Plain "Lucas."

All Lord Lucas's relatives, including his sister, Nan Ino Herbert (now Lady Lucas), clung till the last to the shreds of hope afforded by the word "missing." It was suggested that Lord Lucas's habit of forgetting to use his title might explain the absence of news of him from his captors, supposing he had survived. But that was false comfort. It is one thing to neglect to use a title in the daily affairs of life, to avoid the uncomfortable deference of casual tradesmen by being plain "Mr. Lucas" instead of "your Lordship," but it would have been most inadvisable to do anything that might confuse an identity when people at home were waiting for news. That, of course, was just the moment when Lord Lucas would have sought to impress his exact name upon the strangers round about him—had he had the opportunity.

—And Mashed.

The new laws of meal-time behaviour imposed on officers are still, I believe, a little vague in certain of their ramifications; but one effect, in the first week, was largely to increase the number of officers entertained by their friends in the more expensive tea-shops and restaurants. Tommy's habit of letting the girl he walks out with bear the "exes" seemed likely to spread so long as Mr. Runciman's orders left any loophole for treating. The strange feature of the whole business, of course, was the fact that men in uniform should be the first to suffer. Of this anomaly the only explanation is that he can be disciplined more readily than the general public. He is part of a system that can exact rectitude without an appeal to the already over-burdened police. But he is not, as it happens, always the most self-indulgent of mortals. When I lunched the other day with a man who had just returned from a long spell in France, his choice lighted on something his excellent mess abroad had not once provided him with—a couple of grilled sausages!



AT THE ITALIAN RED CROSS MATINÉE AT THE SAVOY: MISS VIOLET KEPPEL AS "A MEZZOTINT."

Miss Violet Keppel appeared in the Savoy "Objets d'Art Vivants" as "Mlle. de Kerouaille" after the painting by Sir Peter Lely, and was very much admired for the clever fidelity of her representation of the beautiful original.—[Photograph by C.N.]

"HIDDEN EYES"—AND ANKLES REVEALED: FASHION FANCIES.



"TROUSERS" FOR FEMININE INDOOR DRESS; AND TANTALISING MILLINERY: UNCONVENTIONAL NEW MODES FROM PARIS.

"Trousers" for the fair sex are not a novelty so far as outdoor costume is concerned; indeed, in these days of woman's assumption of many previously masculine occupations, they have become almost a commonplace. For indoor evening-dress, however, "trousers" such as those shown in the left-hand photograph are a distinct departure from convention. In this case they are certainly becoming, but everything depends, of course, on the individual

figure. If the wearer were "forty round the calf," the effect might not be so pleasing. The eye-concealing millinery, like a sort of domino, suggests further difficulties for the mere man in recognising his lady friends. The only thing to do will be to quote the poet on the Sleeping Beauty: "Love, if thy tresses be so dark, How dark those hidden eyes must be!"—[Photographs by Henri Manuel.]

FRESH FACES: TWO CHARMING NEWCOMERS.



1. IN THE "SYREN DANCE": MISS IDA ADAMS AS ADA EVE, IN "HOUP-LA!" AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE.

2. MAKING A HIT OF THE EVENING IN HER SONG, "QUE L'AMOUR EST BON": Mlle. MADELEINE CHOISEULLE IN "HOUP-LA!"

Two very welcome newcomers to the London stage are to be seen in "Houp-La!" at the St. Martin's—namely, Mlle. Madeleine Choiseulle and Miss Ida Adams. Mlle. Choiseulle's song, "Que L'Amour est Bon," with its repetition of the "bon," *ad lib.* is one of the successes of the piece, as also is the episode in which she gives Mr. George Graves a lesson in French. Both the above photographs show incidents in the "French Revue" scene, in which Mlle. Choiseulle appears as Liane De Rose,

a Revue Artist, and Miss Ida Adams as Ada Eve, a Dancer. Miss Adams gives her "Syren Dance" very gracefully and with appropriate sinuosity. Later she joins Miss Gertie Millar and Mr. Nat Ayer in a trio—"Wonderful Girl, Wonderful Boy, Wonderful Time," and she also sings a song with the curious title of "Oh! how she could Hacki, Yacki, Wicki, Wacki, Woo." What the words mean is best realised by hearing them!—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

MLLE. JOSEPHINE OF THE CIRCUS: TILLIE, EQUESTRIENNE.



AS TILLIE RUNSTEAD (MLLE. JOSEPHINE OF THE CIRCUS) IN "HOUP-LA!" AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE:
MISS GERTIE MILLAR SINGING "THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY."

Miss Gertie Millar is as fascinating as ever, and sings and dances with her usual piquancy, as the circus equestrienne at the St. Martin's. Her opening song has the same title as the piece, "Houp-La!" Then she joins Mr. Nat D. Ayer (as the polo-playing lover) in a duet, "You can't love as I do." At the end, after estrangement

and reconciliation, they sing another duet together, "I've saved up all my loving for you." Meantime Miss Millar has two solos, "Pretty Baby" and "The Fool of the Family," which she gives with her accustomed air of distinction. That, of course, goes without saying.—[*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*]



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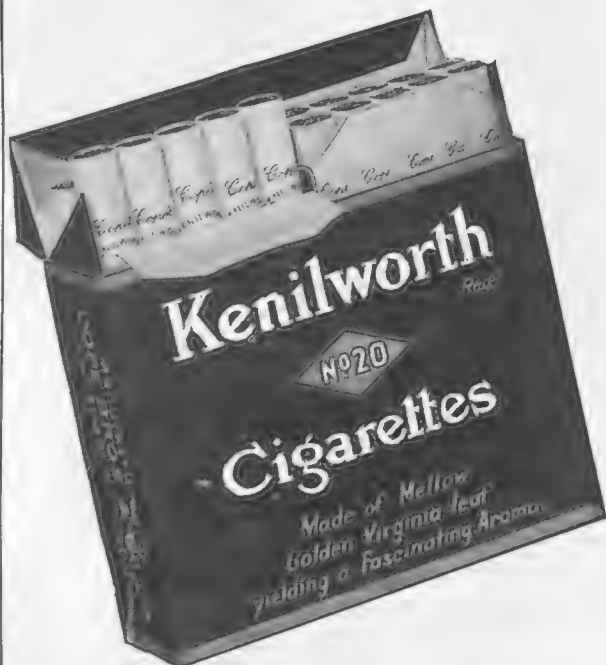
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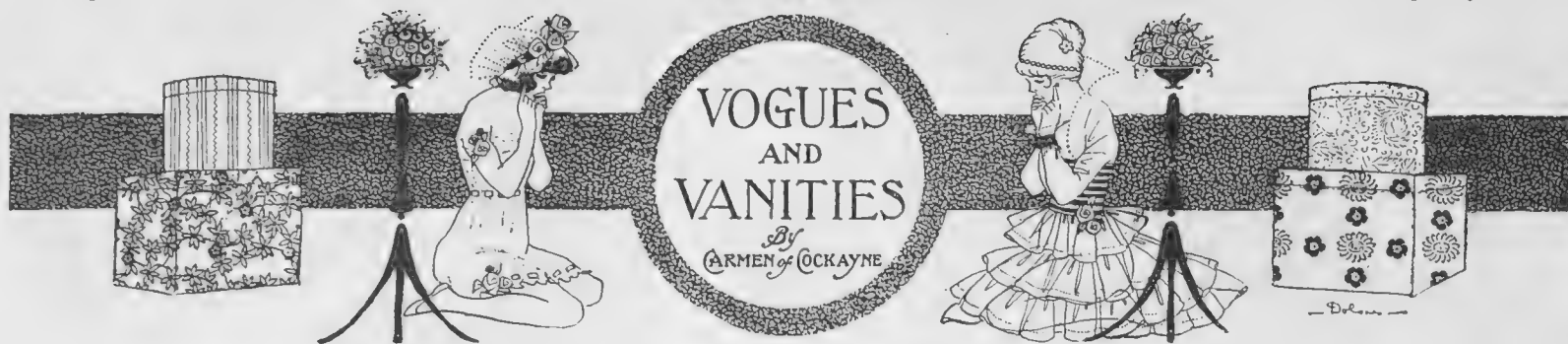
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PEGGY: Daddy, what did the Dead Sea die of?
PEGGY: Daddy, where do the Zepp'lins start from?
PEGGY: Daddy, when will the war end?
PEGGY: I say, Daddy, who made *you* an editor?

DADDY: Oh, I don't know, dear.
DADDY: I don't know, dear.
DADDY: I don't know.



Cupid's Victims. The war may silence wedding bells and give us a Christmas shorn of all the "gastronomic joys" usually associated with the "happy season"; but it cannot squash the activities of Cupid, who, if official returns speak truly, is pursuing a career of increasing activity. Whether the "marry in haste and repent at leisure" proverb is going to justify its existence is a matter for pessimists. What is more to the point is that the marriage mania has brought the all-important question of the trousseau into greater prominence than ever before. Of course, every patriotic bride—and is there one who would admit to being anything else?—knows very well that the war trousseau, like the war income, must be a comparatively diminished affair. Diminished as far as frocks go, at any rate, for with sumptuary laws looming on the horizon, discretion becomes most certainly a better part than display.

Unseen Good Works. Frocks, however, are not everything. If they were, dressing would be robbed of half its joys; and even if one is forbidden the things that are seen, there are others not generally displayed to public view that afford plenty of opportunity for indulgence in the "frillies" supposed to be dear to every woman's heart. It is but a step from the dress to what is worn beneath it, and no one would deny that the lingerie of to-day offers plenty of scope for the display of form as well as use of colour.

Cam-Coms. Extravagance, at any rate in material considerations, is the last thing of which the under-world in clothes can be accused, though there are still some old-fashioned people who prefer substantialities of linen to the comparatively inadequate protection afforded by chiffon and georgette. Dyes are "difficult," materials, we are told, hard to obtain. It

behoves everyone to be as sparing as possible. All of which considerations have weighed with the maker of the "cam-com," the latest war baby in the realm of lingerie. Who could accuse a garment that fulfils the triple rôle of combination, camisole, and chemise of recklessness, or lay the charge of want of restraint at the door of a sleeveless affair that dispenses with so much as even an outline of lace, contenting itself, instead, with a classic-key pattern adornment, carried out in dull mauve on a background of palest-peach colour, around extremities? Certainly not woman, whose appreciation of lovely "undies" of all sorts is an instinct even more than a taste.

For a War Bride.

Dolores' sketches on this page illustrate some of the most recent chapters in the story of lingerie as conceived by Mme. Barri, of 72, Baker Street, W., for the trousseau of a war bride. Except it include some "sets" of fairy-like underwear, no bridal outfit can be reckoned complete, and in the examples here shown, palest-peach-tinted

ninon—a colour that is rapidly ousting the hitherto popular pink—is the material employed. The tucked boudoir jacket is outlined with pale-cream insertion, and the cuffs follow suit. The double-frilled petticoat can, of course, be threaded with ribbon to match the frock under which it is destined to be worn, and the same

holds good for the frilled camisole, which is provided with additional adornment in the form of bunches of satin flowers, whilst the boudoir cap that crowns all is formed from strands of ribbon, with a brow-band of filet lace and an edging of net. The knickers carry on the good work.

A Word on Jumpers.

A jumper, several jumpers for preference, are other essential items in any properly constituted trousseau, and at the house in question, where this particular matter receives special attention, there are some charming examples of these now indispensable garments. One is a sleeveless slip-over-head affair in palest parme violet silk, with a girdle to match—a dainty little production. Others of crêpe-de-Chine have a wide tuck just above the hem, and quite one of the prettiest is carried out in fuchsia shades, the main body, so to speak, being of purplish silk, whilst the collar and cuffs of pink are veiled with blue ninon. A third of burgundy-coloured silk has a wide sailor collar, and deep square pockets, and it is worth noting that almost any shade can be procured.

The Sales.

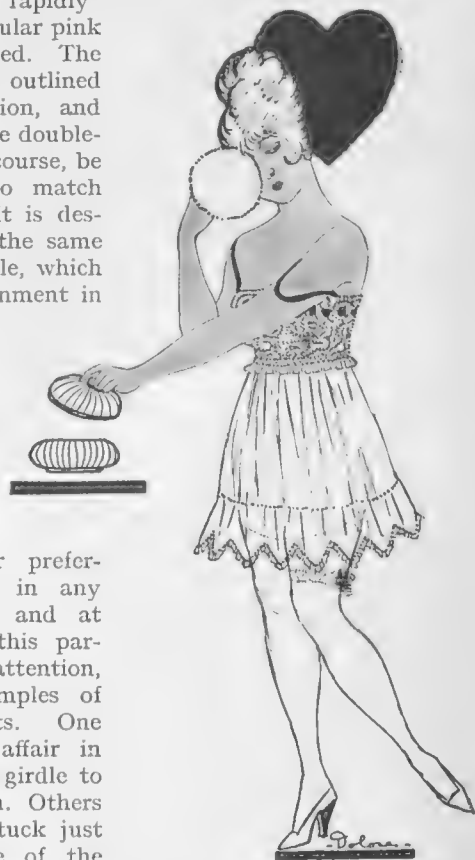
With the New Year less than three weeks off, "sale" considerations naturally loom large in the minds of most women. With the purchasing power of money decreased, and a still further rise in prices probable, they are more than usually important this year. In some of the West End houses the winter saturnalia have already begun. If those already in progress can be taken as typical of others, the sales this season will be of real assistance to women compelled to dress well despite war conditions, and a consequently diminished dress-allowance.



This boudoir jacket follows the sensible rule that beauty is duty, and substantiates it with ninon, ribbon, and fine insertion.



There must be frills upon her petticoat, and in this instance the uppermost is threaded with ribbon, and the camisole follows suit.



Knickers are a law unto themselves. These are of pink crêpe-de-Chine edged with Valenciennes lace.

PHOTOGRAPHIC NOTE.



AN OVER-EXPOSED NEGATIVE.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

A BLOCK IN THE TRAFFIC: FIVE MINUTES.

THE chestnuts in the Champs-Élysées had lighted all their pink and white flower-candles in honour of the warm spring sun, and the soft fresh green of their leaves was as yet unstained by the vile dust of Paris. The weather was perfect, the place was delightful; it was certainly trying to be blocked anywhere, but, if one must be blocked—well, let it be there under the chestnuts, among the pretty ladies in their motors, and not, for instance, among the market-carts outside the "Halles" when the scavengers have not been too particular about removing such refuse as cabbage-stalks and fish-tails. At least, that would be my choice. But Monsieur de la Roche, Viscount and diplomatist, returning to Paris after a long and honourable service in other climes, would infinitely have preferred to be blocked elsewhere—anywhere, in fact, except at this particular spot in the Champs-Élysées, near the kiosk where the old lady sells gingerbread and sugar-sticks and balloons.

For Memory was at work with the Viscount, stirring up the ashes of dead things, dead love, dead sorrow. The Viscount was married, and the Viscountess was a very charming lady; but, nevertheless, it was not of her that the Viscount was thinking just now. Memory was going further back than his wedding-day—twenty years back, in fact, to the days when the Viscount was very young and very sure of the great things that he was going to do in the future. He had done them, some of them; but he had also done a great many other things—hard things, bad things—that he had certainly never dreamed of doing then, twenty years ago. Cruel things, unjust things. Memory was working with no uncertain hand to-day, under the chestnuts. The Viscount was inclined to curse his taxi for not going on, but the block was compact and thorough, and Memory stabbed on. Why is it that she so often reminds us of the things we want to forget, while she absolutely refuses to let us remember the things that are so dear to us—the things that would save our souls, if only we could remember them?

The Viscount was remembering now—the Folly of his Youth. Such a charming Folly—and he had been so young! That was what his people had called it, and he had ended by believing them. She was a little Bretonne, who came from her village to be maid in his mother's house—a quaint little figure in her stiff, full skirt and her cap of embroidered muslin, shaped like a cyclamen flower. She was very young, and very, very ignorant of the ways of the world; her chin had a deep dimple in it, and she had wide, curiously candid grey eyes. Her name was Yvonne—Yvonne Moreau—and her mouth was red, like a poppy-flower.

The Viscount was not the Viscount then; he was young, and she was very alluring. One day he met her, just there by the kiosk, and they sat on a seat and talked. The chestnuts were just coming into flower, spring was in the air and in their hearts. Yvonne's wide grey eyes opened wider and wider as Monsieur talked of Paris and of what he would do, one day—how proud France would be of him! She listened in adoring silence, and pleaded the corner of her apron, gay with multi-coloured embroideries after the Breton fashion. He bought her gingerbread from the old woman who kept the kiosk; it had angelica in it, and it tasted exactly like india-rubber, and they were both very pleased with life. That night the Viscount kissed her on her poppy mouth, and Yvonne

began to forget that a certain fisherman at home had ever done the same. How could she compare *him*, with his big sea-boots and weather-stained jersey, with Monsieur Marcel? Monsieur Marcel—soon it was just Marcel—became her god.

They had many meetings; the chestnuts flowered and the blossoms fell and were trampled underfoot, and still they came (on Yvonne's day out) to watch the beautiful ladies go by in their carriages.

The Viscount's face grew set; Memory was tearing at an old, old wound that he had thought healed and gone.

Yvonne had not been sent back to her village; she had gone of her own accord, after telling him—here, one wild wet night when the yellow chestnut leaves were falling in showers under the lashing of the angry wind. He had never seen her again. He had gone away soon after, and he had never even heard what had become of Yvonne. Since she did not clamour for money—well, perhaps it was better to let her go her own way. No doubt, she would marry and be happy.

He would have tried to find her, no doubt, but for that exceedingly opportune appointment in Rome which took him away almost immediately. There he forgot. But sometimes, as now, Memory

gave him a vicious stab, and once again he saw Yvonne's face—and the fear in her grey, candid eyes. And the child? The Viscount liked to think of her (he was sure it was a girl) as being very far from the chestnuts and the pretty ladies, in a little Breton village, wearing a quaint stiff skirt with a deep band of velvet round the hem, and a little white cap shaped like a cyclamen flower. She would know nothing of Paris.

Then the Viscount remembered that Memory is not always a good companion and that he was alone, and a gay and pretty lady would help him to keep the jade at bay. A big red motor was jammed against his taxi, and in it sat a girl. She was very young, and there was something about her profile that

made him think of Yvonne—but it was gone in a flash. This girl was exquisitely dressed, her hair was yellow under the shadow of her hat. Her little white-gloved hand lay on the side of the motor, and the Viscount laid his own on it and leaned over to speak to her. For there was that about the girl which said that she was of those to whom a man may speak without reproach.

She turned quickly and smiled at him; a pair of curiously candid grey eyes looked into his, and her painted mouth was like a poppy flower. The Viscount felt suddenly sick and cold in the warm sun. Memory played him a cruel trick—a little cap like a cyclamen flower took the place of the fashionable hat, a quaint black dress replaced the laces and velvet . . . then the Viscount saw her as she was.

"You are hurting my hand. Let me go."

"I beseech you, Mademoiselle, your name?"

"Yvonne Moreau, if you want to know—it's fairly well known, Monsieur," she laughed.

"It was a mistake"—the Viscount looked grey in the spring sunshine. The block gave, the big red motor slipped by and vanished in the crowd.

That night at the club the men wondered what had happened during the day to age the Viscount by ten years.

THE END.



PRINCESS PATRICIA AT THE EXHIBITION OF CANADIAN WAR PHOTOGRAPHS: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS (ON THE LEFT) AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.

Princess Patricia of Connaught visited the splendid exhibition of Canadian war photographs at the Grafton Galleries, on the opening day last week. Here she is seen being shown round by Major-General Carson. The proceeds of the exhibition are to be devoted to the Canadian War Memorials Fund. The photographs, some of which have been enlarged to 12 ft. by 5 ft., were taken at the front by Lieutenant Ivor Castle, the Official Canadian Photographer, often at great personal risk.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

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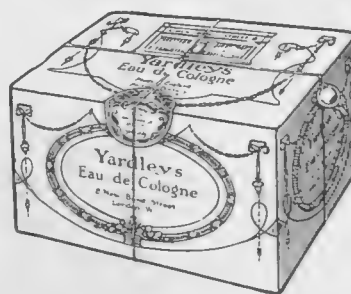
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DRAWN BY ALFRED LEEDE.

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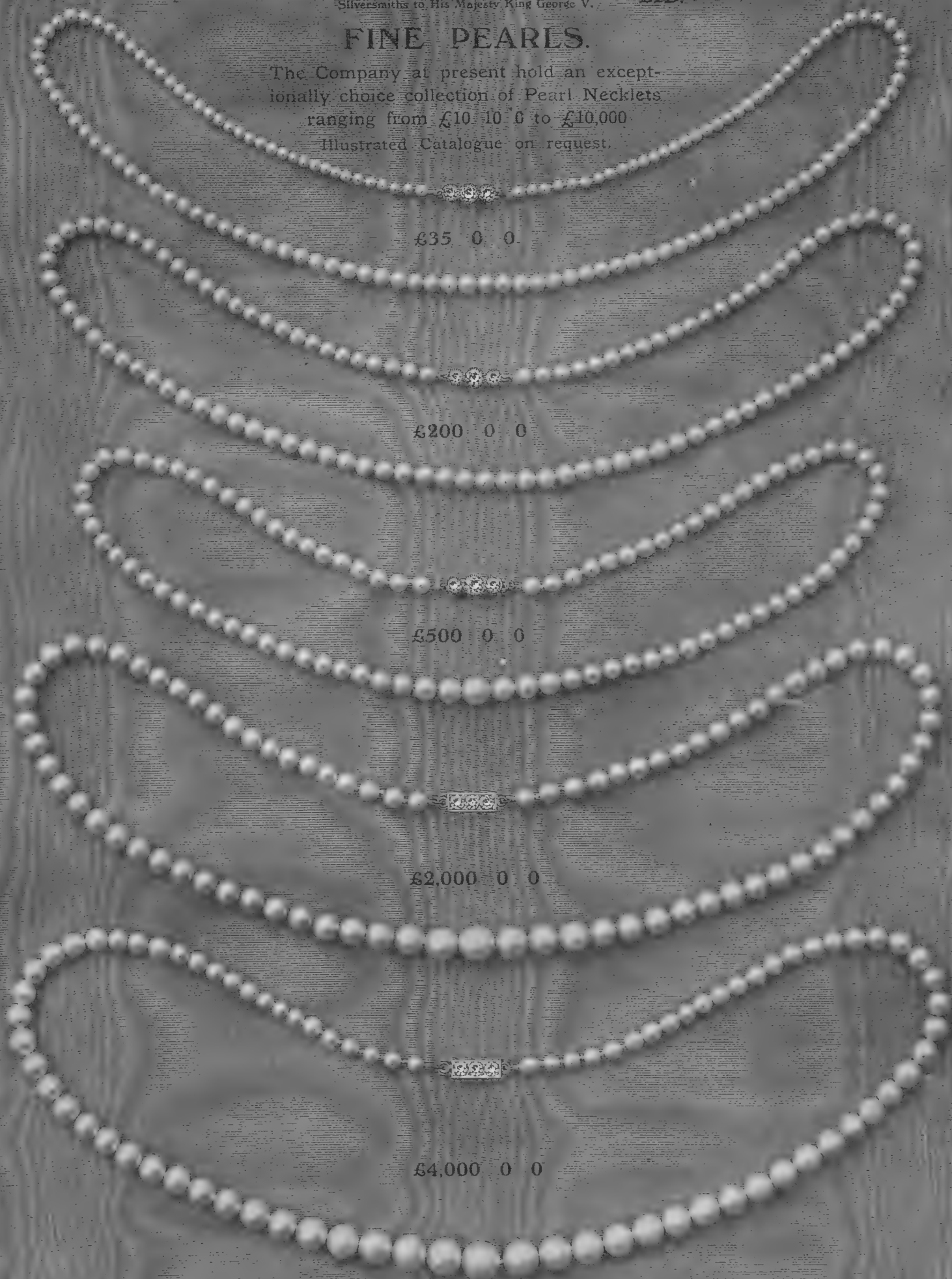
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If any of your friends already possess an 'His Master's Voice' Gramophone, send them a parcel of the latest Records. There is an endless variety of music from which to choose—grave and gay, classical and topical—the finest performances of the world's greatest masters of music and song and the latest bright and cheery musical comedy selections. Call at your favourite music house and ask them to play to you a selection of the latest music. They will be pleased to do so—you will enjoy listening to them—and it will be easy to select those which you think your friends will like. If you give your friend 'His Master's Voice' Records he will appreciate your care in choosing the *best*.

The Instrument illustrated is the 'His Master's Voice' Cabinet Grand. Price
27 guineas.

THE GRAMOPHONE CO. LTD.,
HAYES, MIDDLESEX.





"A Knight in Mufti"

From the "Rilette" painting to the commission of H. Dennis Bradley.

POPE & BRADLEY

Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

A NOTE ON MUFTI.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

AN American writer recently stated with a candour as astonishing as it was refreshing that although the productions of his native land were great in quantity they were not great in quality. He further added that when a good American required a really good chassis or really good clothes he had to come to London.

We Britishers, with naive self-abnegation, usually decry our own virtues; therefore, I thank our American friend for voicing that which we already knew, but might have blushed to say ourselves.

The axiom is simple. Britain, aided by nature, is able to manufacture the finest woollen materials in the world, and London, aided by inherent style, produces the best clothes.

Even in war-time Bond Street has maintained its traditional supremacy, and the mufti styles of the house of Pope & Bradley continue to set fashion, where fashion still exists.

To-day the average price for a Pope & Bradley suit or overcoat is from five to seven guineas. With an ever-rising woollen market, it is impossible to say what the price will be in the future. The charges will be kept moderate as long as possible, but to whatever maximum necessity compels them to advance, there will be no reduction in the quality which has established the reputation of the House.

New Naval and Military Kit List of every Service requirement will be forwarded upon application.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.



THEY are found indispensable alike under the stern conditions of war service (not one failure in scores of thousands) and the hardly less strenuous conditions of commerce. They make the woman at the wheel possible. Warland Dual (quick-tire-change) Rims.

Aston - - - BIRMINGHAM
111, Great Portland Street, LONDON

A Bagful of the Best

There is nothing you can send to Friend on Active Service or Friend at home so certain to please as

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The Supreme Pen and the Ideal Gift.

TO whomsoever it is sent it will be welcome. There will be nothing lukewarm about its reception; the pleasure will be wholehearted. No wonder—for Waterman's Ideal is the World's Best Pen—a beauty in appearance and in performance.

Regimental Badges.

The Safety and Self-Filling types with two hall-marked gold bands can now be obtained with Regimental Badges or Ships' Crests enamelled on gold in the correct heraldic colours, at 35/- each. An unusually suitable Christmas or other gift for men on Active Service. Three types—Regular Type, 10/6 and upwards. Lever Pocket Self-Filling and Safety Types, 15/- and upwards. Special pens for presentation. Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed. Nibs exchangeable if not suitable. Call, or send to "The Pen Corner." Full range of pens on view for inspection and trial. Booklet free from:—

L. G. Sloan, The Pen Corner
Kingsway, London.



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

FUTURE PRACTICAL REQUIREMENTS: REPAIRS MADE EASIER: PETROL ON TAP.

The Car of the Future.

Of necessity in a quiet way, but with deep satisfaction none the less, automobilists have lately celebrated the completion of two decades of motoring in this country. But what will the next twenty years bring us? Hundreds of improvements have been effected in motor-car construction since 1896; is there anything still to aspire to in the way of ideals to be realised before 1936? Doubtless a great many people would desire nothing more fervently than that motor-

and which does not provide all manner of needless obstacles in the way of repair.

Easier Repairs.

The theory of the manufacturer, of course, has ever been that a car is perfect as it leaves his works, and only needs replenishing, as used, and being attended to as per the instruction-manuals. No one expects such perfection—not even an owner-driver; but what he does desire more than aught else is that, if he has to set to work to remedy designer's faults, he

should be allowed to do it in a simple and reasonable way. Bolt-heads that cannot be reached by a spanner, detachable parts that cannot be detached except in a workshop—anything, in fact, that requires the labour of a skilled mechanic instead of that of a man who drives a car because it appeals to his brains—these are the things that need to be abolished once and for all. The motor-car industry, to its credit, has essayed to produce the "fool-proof" car which shall not baffle its owner in respect of diagnosis, but it has never regarded with sufficient seriousness the question of mechanical aptitude. All experience has shown, however, that for every amateur who cares to handle a spanner there are thousands who can appreciate the theory of an engine and the whole running system of a car.



A NOTABLE EXHIBIT AT THE SAVOY BAZAAR: DISABLED SOLDIERS AT THE "LORD ROBERTS MEMORIAL WORKSHOPS" MAKING THE LARGE MODEL TANK.

A number of the maimed soldiers who work in the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops for the disabled are making toy, or miniature Tanks, for sale for charitable objects connected with the war. Some of them are seen here engaged on a large model Tank which figured at the Savoy Bazaar.—[Photograph by Central Press.]

cars should become as cheap as bicycles. But there are obvious limitations to the theory that a demand creates a supply; what is actually created is such supply as is possible in all the circumstances of the case, and one can no more hope to buy a motor-car for five pounds than to obtain a golden sovereign in exchange for a shilling. Nothing was a greater revelation to the early converts to motoring who had never driven a horse than the cost of the body of a car in proportion to that of the chassis; and even now it is not everyone who appreciates the part which elaborate coachwork plays in the cheapness of the American car.

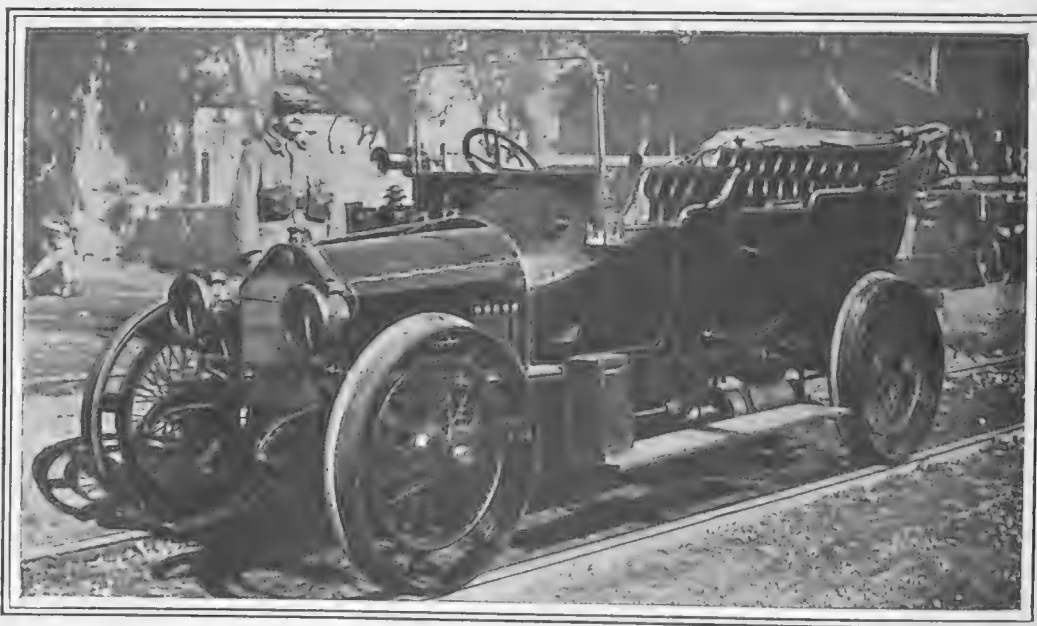
What the Owner-Driver Wants.

Impossible limits apart, however, the price of cars will undoubtedly come down by degrees. The existing motorist, as opposed to converts yet to be made, takes that for granted, and is more concerned with the question of changes in construction. These, too, it may be expected, will be gradual and not startling. There is nothing revolutionary in prospect, nor does anything of the kind even suggest itself as desirable, unless motorists become jealous of the aeroplane and wish to travel on land in airy structures of spars, canvas, and piano-wire, instead of relatively substantial carriages on steel frames. Individual manufacturers will continue, after the war, to import into their designs whatever they think will improve the efficiency of the cars. But from the user's point of view there are sundry desiderata which have too long been left out of consideration. The expansion of motoring over a wider field is dependent on the owner-driver, because paid drivers cost more than the running of the moderate-priced car; and before the owner-driver wants a more efficient car he wants one that is less trouble to maintain. Instead of filling up a couple of dozen grease-cups at frequent intervals, he needs a car that is self-lubricated for six months at a time. He wants a car, too, of which every part is readily accessible,

seen; the car-owner drives up to a stand-pipe and draws a measured supply of fuel directly into his tank. Private owners or garage-proprietors, however, who set up underground storage tanks are only supplied with petrol by the companies at the same price as if cans were used. Recently it seemed as though the petrol companies would sanction an abatement of a penny per gallon in the case of spirit

Bulk Storage of Petrol.

A great reform, moreover, which must come about some day, and the sooner the better, is the abolition of the two-gallon can and the provision of bulk storage of petrol underground. In America the petrol-can is rarely



FITTED WITH FLANGED WHEELS TO TAKE THE GREEK RAILWAY METALS: GENERAL SARRAIL'S MOTOR-CAR AT SALONIKA.

After the heavy rains of the past autumn, which were heavier than usual in the Balkan Peninsula, the Greek roads round Salonika have become almost impassable. The above illustration shows a flanged-wheel expedient adopted with General Sarraïl's motor-car, to enable the Commander-in-Chief to use the railway metals instead of ploughing through the road mud.

Photograph by Topical.

supplied to tanks, but it now appears that the offer is limited to the use of cars which are let out on hire. Another reform needed is the provision in every garage of a compressed-air reservoir from which tyres could be automatically inflated.

A light Roll-up Toilet Case



THIS case is the smallest and completest Toilet Case for Service use. It is supplied, if desired, without fittings, ready to take requisites already in use, the running straps being adjustable to any size fittings. The fittings supplied by us comprise every necessary item, and are of first-rate quality.

A handsome and serviceable Gift for an Officer.

No. 733 E—Case complete with ebony hair brush, electro-plated soap box, shaving brush tube (with shaving brush), tooth-powder bottle, white tooth brush with guard for bristles, comb in case, razor-blade box, steel nail scissors, nail file, shoe lift, and button hook, "Cross" safety razor and five blades, and new Service mirror **87/6**

No. 733 C—Case complete as above, but with fittings of ivory grain xylonite **71/-**

Registered Parcel Post to the B.E.F. **1/4**

No. 733—Empty Roll-up Case only, made of fine soft pigskin, weighing about 8 ozs., is **37/6**

This case is also made from waterproof tan canvas, price, empty, **25/-**

With fittings of ivory grain xylonite **58/6**



Weights about 8 ozs.

Pigskin is the most suitable leather for personal articles affording comfort and convenience to the campaigner.

Initials branded 6d. per letter; Names complete 1/9; Names and Regiment 2/6

WRITE FOR NEW BOOK NO. 3

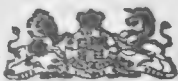
It illustrates a variety of new goods for the soldier on active service, and also suggests many useful gifts from soldiers to the folks at home.



MARK CROSS Ltd
89 REGENT ST., LONDON, W

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH

By Appointment



To H.M. The King.

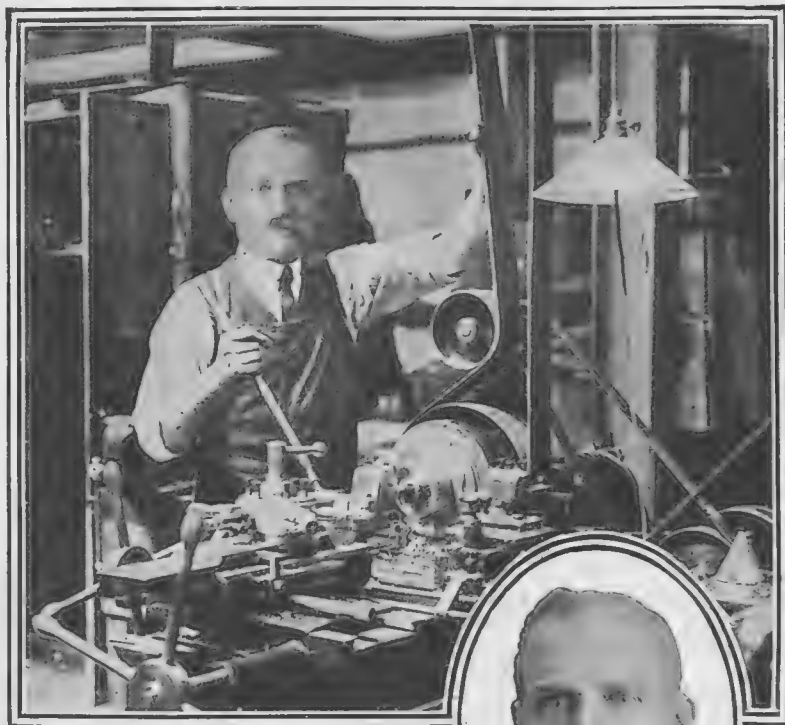
SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA

INVALUABLE FOR TOILET AND DOMESTIC PURPOSES

Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

The public are cautioned against the many injurious imitations of "Scrubbs Ammonia" that are being offered, and attention is drawn to the signature of Scrubb & Co. on each bottle, without which none is genuine.

SCRUBB & CO., Ltd., Guildford St., London, S.E.



W. TAYLOR,
Ammunition Worker.



"I do not think your valuable Tonic, Phosferine, can be too widely known. As an ammunition worker, doing twelve hours a day for the full week of seven days, one naturally becomes exhausted and run down, with an increasing loss of sleep and energy, but after taking Phosferine for a short time I felt quite fresh and recovered my vigour again. Considering the pressure at which we work with a lot of others, under cover, it is often a very severe and trying tax on one's strength, and one has just to keep on, and so getting worse, as such things can't very well be altered; and for this reason Phosferine is invaluable to me, as it builds up my vitality again, and I can easily get through the full amount of work, and more, without feeling tired or worn out. Phosferine has done me so much good, I am certain fellow workers would also find they could not afford to be without it."—118, Disraeli Road, Putney.

This remarkably efficient ammunition worker says Phosferine alone enables him to continue his efforts without any repetition of the nervous exhaustion the work causes. Phosferine re-started all the suspended nerve functions, enabling them to impart just that additional vitality which outlasts even the most unhealthy exertions.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see you get

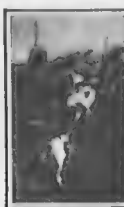
PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
Influenza	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Rheumatism
Indigestion	Premature Decay	Faintness	Headache
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain-Fag	Hysteria
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost, than any other preparation.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on **ACTIVE SERVICE**, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is needed. The 2/9 tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.



MAJOR RICHARDSON, F.Z.S.
KENNELS
SENTRY DOGS (as supplied Army), from 5 gns.
POLICE DOGS (Airedales), Best guards for person and property, from 5 gns. 1 pup, 2 gns.
BLOODHOUNDS.
ABERDEEN (SCOTCH), FOX (Smooth and Wire), IRISH 5 gns. 1 pup, 2 gns.
GROVE END, HARROW. Tel. 423

Foster Clark's
Foster Clark's 2d. Soup Squares make 9 varieties of Delicious Nourishing Soups of unequalled excellence. You Simply add Water.
2d Soups

Christmas Presents for All.

ALTHOUGH War may rage and Governments change, we must buy presents, for the season of goodwill towards men—in which we, happily, include women—is at hand, and the gift is the outward and visible sign of that inward and spiritual grace.

Thousands of Presents.

When I wrote recently of the beautiful jewellery at Mappin and Webb's big establishments at 158-162, Oxford Street; 2, Queen Victoria Street; or 172, Regent Street, I left untouched a splendid field for the present-hunter in their silver, leather goods, plate, and china departments. They are rich in tortoiseshell-backed brushes inlaid with silver, always acceptable presents to women with a love for dainty dressing-tables, and costing only two guineas each. In tortoiseshell inlaid with silver—the inlay can be monogram or badge, or crest—are many of the large powder-boxes now so much in vogue. Very pretty and useful, too, is a silver vanity-case, which contains a mirror, a powder-box, and a cigarette-case; and a silver cigar-lamp with four ash-trays will be much liked. A lock-up spirit-bottle, in finest cut-glass, at £2 7s. 6d., is a gift a man will prize. Also a very suitable present for a man is a combination cigarette and photograph case, with a flap over the photograph; in cross-grain leather, it costs 22s. 6d., and in pigskin, 25s. New and ingenious powder-boxes, in which the powder cannot spill, are much-appreciated gifts for women, and are extremely pretty, too. There are some most artistic coloured-glass lamps and shades, made at Nancy, that will be in great demand for gifts. A case containing a shaving-brush, soap, and powder, all in silver, is a convenient thing for a man campaigning or moving about. There is no finer, or more varied, stock of exclusive hand-bags anywhere than at Mappin and Webb's. Very much up to date is one in dark-blue or black thick silk trimmed with fur, for £2 12s. 6d. There are thousands of presents at Mappin and Webb's, every one of them most fascinating.

Parted With Its German Connection.

We had considered, and we continue to consider, eau de Cologne indispensable. What we have parted with, and for ever, is its German connection. There was never any reason why we should have had it; for Yardley's eau de Cologne has been made here in our own London town for a century, and is incomparably finer in quality than what came to us from Hun-

land. In the Regency days of beaux and belles, Yardley's eau de Cologne and Old English Lavender water, their fine soaps, face-powders, and cosmetics were in high favour with the exquisites. A most acceptable and patriotic present has been prepared for this Christmas by Yardley's, whose retail establishment is at 8, New Bond Street. It is



PERFUMES THAT BEAU BRUMMELL MIGHT HAVE USED.
Yardley and Co.

an original package, containing a 4-oz. bottle of their celebrated eau de Cologne, neatly corded and sealed in a tasteful presentation form at a cost of 14s. 6d. It is always a real pleasure to visit Yardley's, in Bond Street—one can imagine Brummell there, so perfectly does

it fit in with the Georgian ideal in decoration. The famous Yardley collection of beautiful perfumes has an absorbing interest for womankind. A bottle of this British eau de Cologne costs 2s. 6d., and is an ever-appreciated present of a necessary, rather than luxurious, character.

Treasured by Trenchmen.

Practical presents are the ones which make infallible appeal to the men on whom the heat and burden of these days of war are falling. At Burberry's celebrated establishment, in the Haymarket, there is a really thoughtful selection of such gifts. They vary in price from a few shillings upward, and each one embodies real thought and care on the part of the sender for the recipient's well-being. Trench and British-warm weatherproof coats from Burberry are always treasured by trenchmen, for they are lined with genuine moufflon fleece—the lightest and warmest of pelts—and are cold and wet defying safeguards for the winter. Burberry's khaki silk neck-wraps, and Angora under-jackets, are also splendid presents, being thoroughly warm and comfortable. There are Burberry fur gloves, mitts, and helmets for air and motor men; and there are gabardine and horse-hide gloves which keep out the wet, and do not harden when they dry again. These are a few from the many really useful and health-preserving gifts which this firm has provided for our men who are winning the war for us. The firm's premises well repay a visit, and will suggest many things to those who want really to please officer-friends, for Burberry's Christmas specialties have been the result of their unrivalled experience in the wants of officers serving on all fronts and at home.



PRESENTS: SENSIBLE AND SEASONABLE.
Mappin and Webb.

New Ideas.

Now that hats are small, and coiffures might be said to have put on a basis of war-time economy, ear-rings are most important, almost indispensable, ornaments, since they play a conspicuous part in producing just the right head effect. Charles Packer and Co., that old-established house at 76-8, Regent Street, have always specialised in ear-rings, and have a selection now which will prove a

great find for those who are looking for acceptable gifts. They are of the last word in shape, artistic and charming in design, and of the finest gems and workmanship. In price they vary from £2 10s. to as much as anyone wishes to pay. A pair, in fine diamonds mounted in platinum, costing £28 10s., will make a very important and delightful gift. In watches, wristlet and otherwise, there is a splendid choice. A useful and appropriate example, at a moderate



DIAMOND EAR-RINGS, A "BADGE"-BROOCH, AND A WRISTLET-WATCH.
Charles Packer and Co.

enterprise of turning them out in 15-carat gold, with colour in enamel, enclosed in dainty velvet-lined cases, and sent post free to any address, at the uniform price of two guineas. Every part and branch of the Service is represented, in addition to regiments: our

[Continued overleaf.]

ALL THESE

Great Artists now record only for Columbia.

Madame CLARA BUTT,
GODOWSKY
Sir HENRY J. WOOD'S ORCHESTRA,
PACHMANN,
Sir THOMAS BEECHAM'S ORCHESTRA,
PABLO CASALS,
YSAYE,
VALLIER
Madame STRALIA,
LAZARO,
GERVASE ELWES,
HUBERT EISELL,
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W. H. SQUIRE,
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LONDON STRING QUARTET,
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WHAT SUPER-RECORDS MEAN

You will understand at once by asking at any of the leading Stores or Music-sellers to hear some of the new Columbia Records. Super-records these are, because they are more faithful to the original—because they reproduce the voices and the music of the Great Artists as never before—because they are mostly DOUBLE-SIDED, which means double the value.

Over 40 new Records are in the Columbia December List, including these:—

HUBERT EISELL

SIR HENRY J. WOOD'S ORCHESTRA

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM'S ORCHESTRA

- | | |
|-------|--|
| L1120 | { Love's Garden of Roses.
O Flower Divine. |
| L1121 | { Parted—with violin obligato by Albert Sammons.
Wait. |
| L1118 | { Raff's Cavatina.
Danse Macabre. |
| L1115 | { "The Marriage of Figaro." Overture.
"The Bartered Bride." Overture. |

12-inch DOUBLE-SIDED Records, 5/6 each.

"Columbia Records are more faithful to the original, whether the human voice or instrumental music."

Columbia



Hazel & Co

FOUNDED 1815

**Complete
Service
Outfitters**

TRENCH COAT SPECIALISTS

The Coat illustrated is our Standard Trencher—lined check proof and interlined oiled fabric. Triple proofed.

Cavalry - - £5 5 0
Infantry - - 4 15 0
Fleece Undercoat 1 15 0

List of all makes of Trench Coats, and the 36-page Catalogue of Officers' Clothing and Equipment Kits, on request.

4, PRINCES STREET,
HANOVER SQUARE,
LONDON, W.

Telephone: Mayfair 4071.



Wilson & Gill

139, REGENT STREET,
LONDON, W.

**BADGE
BROOCHES**



No. 120. Solid 18-ct. Gold and Enamel,
£2 10 0
With R.F.C. in Diamonds, £5 5 0



No. 115. Solid 18-ct. Gold and Enamel, with Palladium Anchor,
£4 15 0
With Diamond Crown,
£8



No. 133. Solid 18-ct. Gold and Enamel, with Silver Star, £3 17 6
With Diamond Crown, £7



No. 101. Solid 18-ct. Gold and Enamel with Diamond Serpent, £3 10 0
With Silver Serpent,
£3 17 6



No. 116. Solid 18-ct. Gold, Enamel and Diamonds, £7 10 0
With Gold Monogram, £4 15 0



No. 135. Solid 18-ct. Gold, Enamel and Diamonds, £5 10 0
Others from £2 10 0 to £25

THE ABOVE ARE A FEW EX-
AMPLES OF BADGE BROOCHES.
ANY REGIMENT SUPPLIED.

NEW CATALOGUE OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS SENT ON REQUEST.

illustration shows that of the Australian Commonwealth military forces. These badge-brooches are desired by every woman whose mankind, or menkind, are serving. They are a bit of comfort, now, and something to hand down, too. There are many novel gifts in silver at Charles Packer's, and in gold. It is a place to give the present-seeker new ideas.

J. W. Benson's. There is one well-known firm, Hunt and Roskell, in alliance with J. W. Benson, at which gifts are not only beautiful, of the finest quality, the greatest excellence in workmanship, and the gold, platinum, or palladium settings of the most artistic, but where a distinct value is added by the name of the firm, which is of world-wide celebrity. Watches from this fine establishment, at 25, Old Bond Street, are unrivalled. Our illustration shows one which makes a most important gift.

It is 18-carat gold throughout, with a circle of diamonds on a British-made expanding wristlet, and the price is £30. A specialty is beautiful jewelled military badges, perfect models, with the colour correctly reproduced in fine enamel. The Royal Field Artillery badge is a favourite; in brilliants and enamel, in the smaller size, the price is £20; in diamonds and enamel, £15 15s.; and in gold and enamel, only £4 10s. Such a present at this time is valued beyond any other, for the close personal interest which it embodies. Badges of all regiments, or corps, or branches of the Service are supplied. Gem rings are also favourite gifts this year. Of these, J. W. Benson has the largest variety in London, and at prices ranging from £2 15s. to £425; or even more than that, if something truly regal is desired. Nothing could be more perfect in its way than an oblong ruby set round with brilliants as a marquise ring at £125; or a big sapphire with a big diamond on either side, the setting not showing, at £250. These brilliant jewels are most becoming to white, soft hands. At prices varying from £8 8s. to £65, there are lovely rings, all diamond, diamonds and rubies, or opals, or emeralds, or pearls, set most effectively in the newest way, and each one excellent value. Again, between £2 15s. and £45 there is fine choice.

**Aladdin's
Lantern Land.**

Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, is a regular Aladdin's Lamp at Christmastide, and this season the Christmas Bazaar, which the youngsters love, is appropriately called "Lantern Land," and is full of fascination—being hung from end to end with multi-hued lamplets. A Chinese Garden is a delight to adults as well as lilliputs, and so is the Old Oak Cabin, a ticket in the letter-box of which induces a fairy to present a gift. There are in this great establishment useful and delightful presents for everyone. A lady will appreciate a silk bag, of great elegance, having a tasteful tortoiseshell frame; it is in black, blue, nigger-brown, and other colours; the price being

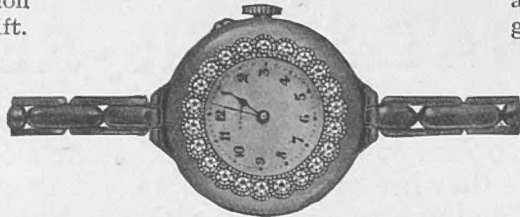
wonderful as investments: an elegant and handsome skunk wrap, at thirty guineas, is a splendid gift, and a barrel-muff to match, at 10½ guineas, is also an imposing present. There are many attractions in this well-known, great house. No one who wants Christmas gifts that will give real pleasure and great satisfaction need leave empty-handed, however exigent they may be.

**The Best for
Our Best.**

Whatever they are doing—fighting, watching, flying, motor-driving, or war-working—our people are the best, at their best; therefore, only the best is good enough for them. An ideal gift is, consequently, a Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen. It is a pen with a first-rate character, earned by years of unimpeachable behaviour; and every year, like the real, good servant, it becomes more and more efficient. This is because its makers seek to add perfection to what has seemed perfection, and to bring their ideal pen to meet the requirements of circumstances, even those of a world war. The fighting or war-working man, or the woman doing her bit, can fill the pen with an ink-pellet put in water, or almost any available fluid: the self-filling lever affords the simplest and best-known method of filling, and is non-existent, apparently, when not

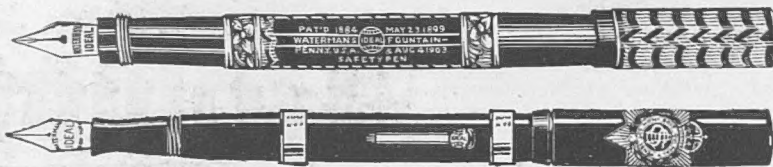
in use, as it fits down so closely into the pen-holder. In purchasing this present—it can be had of all high-class stationers—ask to see a selection, as there are several styles and types. It will be packed, labelled, and despatched at time of purchase to any address, and the nib will always be exchanged for one to suit the recipient. To give such a present a real personal touch, the safety, or self-filling types, with two hall-marked gold bands, can now be obtained to order with regimental badges or ships' crests, enamelled on gold in the correct heraldic colours, at 35s. each. So the best pen for the best people can be given yet an extra value to our best men. Any information can be had from the Pencorner House, Kingsway, W.C., whence an illustrated catalogue will be sent on application.

Christmas Feelings. I happened into J. C. Vickery's fine shop, or, rather, shops—177-83, Regent Street, the other morning, and what a crowd was there buying presents; for, let what will happen, our Christmas feelings must be manifested to our own surroundings, and Vickery's presents have always a little *cachet* of their own. There are such natty and dainty little pieces of jewellery that appeal to women who have no heart for display, but find pleasure in pretty things. A lovely little black tulle bow, clasped by an ornament in whole pearls and diamonds, costs £13 5s. Very pretty, too, is a diamond initial enclosed in a white enamel border, for £3 17s. 6d. For a man, an excellent present is a combined whistle and pencil with a compass at the top. It is fitted with



A JEWELLED "BADGE"-BROOCH, AND
A JEWELLED WATCH.

J. W. Benson.



THE ALWAYS-USEFUL "WATERMAN" IDEAL FOUNTAIN-PEN.

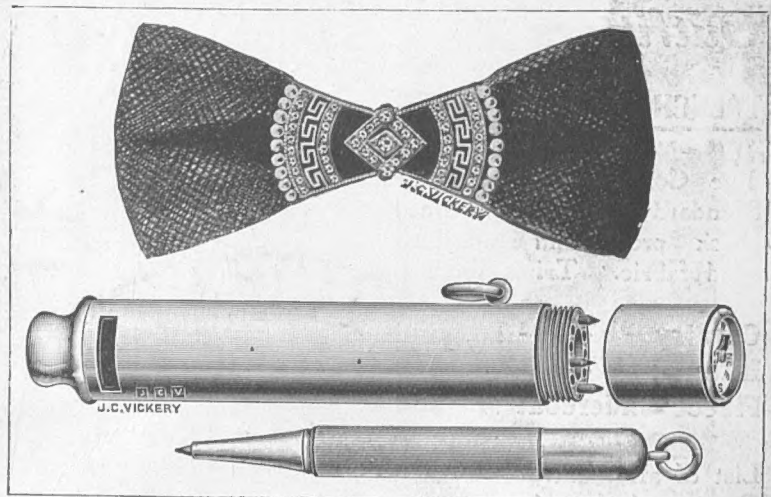
L. G. Sloan.



PRESENTS FROM "LANTERN LAND."

Peter Robinson.

32s. 6d. For men, a tobacco-pouch in antelope leather, at 5s. 6d.; or with a 9-carat gold mount, at 10s. 6d., will be found a most acceptable present. Immensely useful and compact are a pair of hair-brushes in real ebony, at prices ranging from 7s. 11d. to 15s., and in satin-wood from 5s. 11d. to 15s. per pair; these are exceptionally good value. Then the furs at Peter Robinson's are



CHRISTMAS GIFTS OF DISTINCTION.

J. C. Vickery.

a detachable indelible pencil, and a magazine of reliefs, and is most useful for active service—it costs £3 15s. A combination map-measurer, compass, pencil and match-box is also very useful, and costs four guineas. Work-cases are popular gifts, and of these there is wide choice at Vickery's. The same is true of purses, hand-bags, tobacco-pouches, and writing-cases, or sets for at home or abroad.

[Continued overleaf.]

The FASCINATING BEAUTY of SOFT WHITE HANDS

is easily acquired by the use of

CRÈME SHALIMAR



"Pale Hands I loved beside the Shalimar."
— Indian Love Lyrics.

It is absolutely wonderful in its
effect in Beautifying the Hands

CRÈME SHALIMAR is magical in
Preventing or Curing Chapped Skin

PRICES—

Collapsible Tubes, 1/- each; Large Glass Jars, 2/6 each

POST FREE DIRECT FROM THE MAKERS.



Think!

Benger's Food nourishes in conditions when other foods cannot be absorbed.

Think what this means in the crisis of illness, when not only the kind of food given, but the amount of it, must be medically judged with the greatest care.

Benger's Food is distinct from all others in that it contains natural digestive agents. While you prepare it, these so act upon both the Food and the fresh milk used, that, when Benger's is ready to serve, the earlier stages of digestion have been accomplished.

BENGER'S
FOOD

assists nature. — Infants thrive on it, Delicate & Aged persons enjoy it.

Sold in tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere.

Bent

"Benger's Food and How to Use it," an authoritative booklet on the feeding of Infants Invalids and the Aged, post free from—
BENGER'S FOOD LTD., MANCHESTER.
Branch Offices: NEW YORK (U.S.A.)
90, Beekman St. SYDNEY (N.S.W.) 117, Pitt St.
and depôts throughout Canada

Mirth-Maker in Chief to the Army and Navy



There are more DECCAS at the Front than all other gramophones put together. This is because the DECCA is more musical and truly portable. There is not a hornless gramophone made—however large and expensive—that gives so loud and clear a reproduction as the DECCA.

No loose parts: ready to play immediately opened; no case needed; can be carried as easily as a handbag. Plays all makes and sizes of needle records.

DECCA

THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE.

In Leather Cloth Case.	Compressed Fibre Case.	Solid Cow-hide Case.
£4 10 0	£5 10 0	£8 8 0

Of Harrods, Army and Navy Stores, Whiteley's, Selfridge's, and all leading Stores and Music Dealers.

Illustrated Folder, and name of nearest agent, free on application to the Manufacturers—
THE DULCEPHONE CO.,
32, Worship Street, London, E.C.



Continued.

There are, indeed, thousands of gifts at Vickery's set forth by illustration in a comprehensive big catalogue, and in smaller lists. The combined identification-disc and watch-bracelet, which can be attached to any watch, is going well.

A Complete Series.

There are few more subtle pleasures than those derived from a really beautiful scent—one which is at once elusive and delicious, like the latest production of Morny Frères, the celebrated perfumers of 201, Regent Street, W. The "Essence Mystérieuse" is perfect, and appeals to the most exclusive woman irresistibly. There is, of course, as is usual with this firm, a complete series of the very finest toilet preparations, *en suite* with the perfume, which costs 13s. 9d. or 27s. The cost of the whole set, daintily and beautifully put up, is 46s. 11d., or in larger sizes, 83s. 11d. Either of these makes a handsome and most acceptable Christmas gift.



PERFECT PERFUMES.

Morny Frères.

Records were always in demand; now they are more and more widely wanted. Any music-seller will send a free copy of the "Columbia December Supplement." It contains a list of the Super-Records of the Columbia Graphophone Company, Clerkenwell Road, E.C. These records are everywhere acclaimed with enthusiasm: to hear one of Mme. Clara Butt singing "The Holy City," accompanied by the Band of the Grenadier Guards, is to shut your eyes, conjure up the handsome singer and the military musicians, and enjoy the actual performance. The same may be said of Captain Kennerley Rumford's singing of "Nazareth." The supplement contains particulars of forty new records at prices from 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. each.

Nice News for the Services.

Hedges and Butler, the celebrated wine merchants of 155, Regent Street, W., have a name to conjure with. Next year the firm will celebrate the 250th anniversary of its foundation. It is prepared to forward whisky or port duty free to France or to the Near East, per the Military Forwarding Officer. Prices for home and foreign consumption respectively are: Royal Vat Whisky (firm favourite in many messes and London clubs), 66s. a dozen in England; in

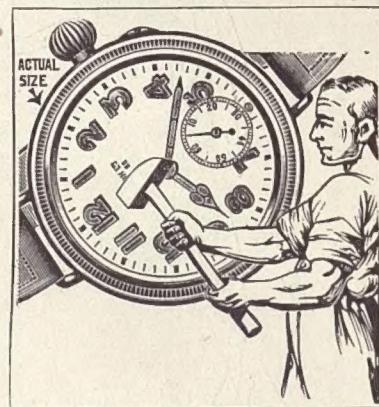
bond, 45s. a dozen; imperial port, in England, 48s. a dozen; in bond, 44s. a dozen. Nice news for the Services!

Therefore All Right.

These are days when we are obliged to give thought to our appearance; skins have to face more than ever before. Consequently, a Christmas gift that is always welcome, and more so now than ever, is an opal jar, with an aluminium top, full of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It is the thing that the most beautiful women on and off the stage value most highly for its restorative, invigorating, and protecting qualities for the skin. Pond's cold cream also nourishes it in a most efficient way. Pond's Extract is an invaluable thing for cuts, bruises, sore throats, and other little ills that human flesh is very much exposed to. Therefore a nice supplement to the jar of Vanishing Cream will be a flagon of Extract and a jar of cold-cream—all Pond's, therefore all right!

Unbreakable.

Few things will please a sailor, soldier, airman, or war-worker, to say nothing of women war-workers and motor-van drivers, more than "The Allies' Watch"—one of the specialties of S. Smith and Son, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, and 68, Piccadilly. Its strong point is its absolutely unbreakable front. We have all had watches sent home by officer-friends, to have shattered glasses refitted, accompanied by pleading letters for their quick return, because their owners missed them so much. The Allies' watch is, like the Allies, unbreakable. In silver, with a luminous dial, it costs only three guineas; and a black or white dial can be had as desired. This cost covers a silver screw-in case; with a silver-hinged case it is £2 10s. There are many very acceptable Christmas presents at these well-known establishments. Another which our men will immensely appreciate is Smith's electric reading-lamp for the belt. It has a compact leather case, and the flap-cover so arranged as to throw the light down on map, plan, or orders; the price, complete, is 20s., and the



"THE ALLIES' WATCH

S. Smith and Son.

Continued overleaf.

THE WAITING LIST.

A tip from the Front.

Friend: Heard from Jack this morning.

Dunlop: And he's fit, I hope?

Friend: Yes! Let me read you part of his letter:—

"The old 'bus is sticking it wonderfully, and if, as you say, you are thinking of buying another car after the war, I should get a again and fit the same tyres. You can't better either, as I jolly well know by now."

Dunlop: There is nothing like active service conditions to test either man or material. What are you going to do?

Friend: Put my name on the waiting list and specify Dunlops.



DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD.,

Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry,
Para Mills, Aston Cross, BIRMINGHAM.
OF ALL MOTOR AGENTS.
Dunlop Solid Tyres for Heavy Commercial Vehicles.